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Looking Forward

WHEN WE FIRST READ the article which heads this number—"Our Problem of Defense," by General Mitchell—we were inclined to alter the title and call it "The Future of the Navy Is in the Air." For as we read his contribution the logic of events seemed to point finally in the direction of some such outcome—not immediately, perhaps, but in the not far distant future. Certainly, there is much sound common sense and no little vision in the view General Mitchell takes of the whole matter. We are glad to print his advice.

ADMITTEDLY, wars are not what they used to be. West Indian treasure ships bound home to Spain can no longer be expected to yield enough booty to pay for naval expeditions. War no longer pays any one—as the wrangle over reparations makes clear.

AND YET it is not safe to assume, for that reason, that there will be no more wars—not even when every one is finally convinced that war does not pay, nationally or individually. For the economic reason may appear just now to be the only one, particularly to Anglo-Saxons of this generation. But Philip of Spain sent his Armadas against England in order to win grace in Heaven, before the Holy Trinity. Revolutionary France was ringed with enemies bent upon her ruin because she acted upon the pernicious democratic creed of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity. And in our own day there is Soviet Russia, sworn enemy of the Capitalistic states. It is not safe to assume that men will never again fight for an idea, a prejudice or a creed.

MUCH, THEN, as we in this country—and elsewhere—wish peace and strive earnestly to remove present-day economic causes for conflict, yet we must be prepared to defend ourselves. Armament for defense must be carefully held distinct from armament for aggression or enforcement. And honest thinking is necessary in order to make this distinction valid, else we may fall into the pit Imperial Germany dug for herself in 1914. But a pacifist America is not yet possible. Our immediate outlook is not so happy.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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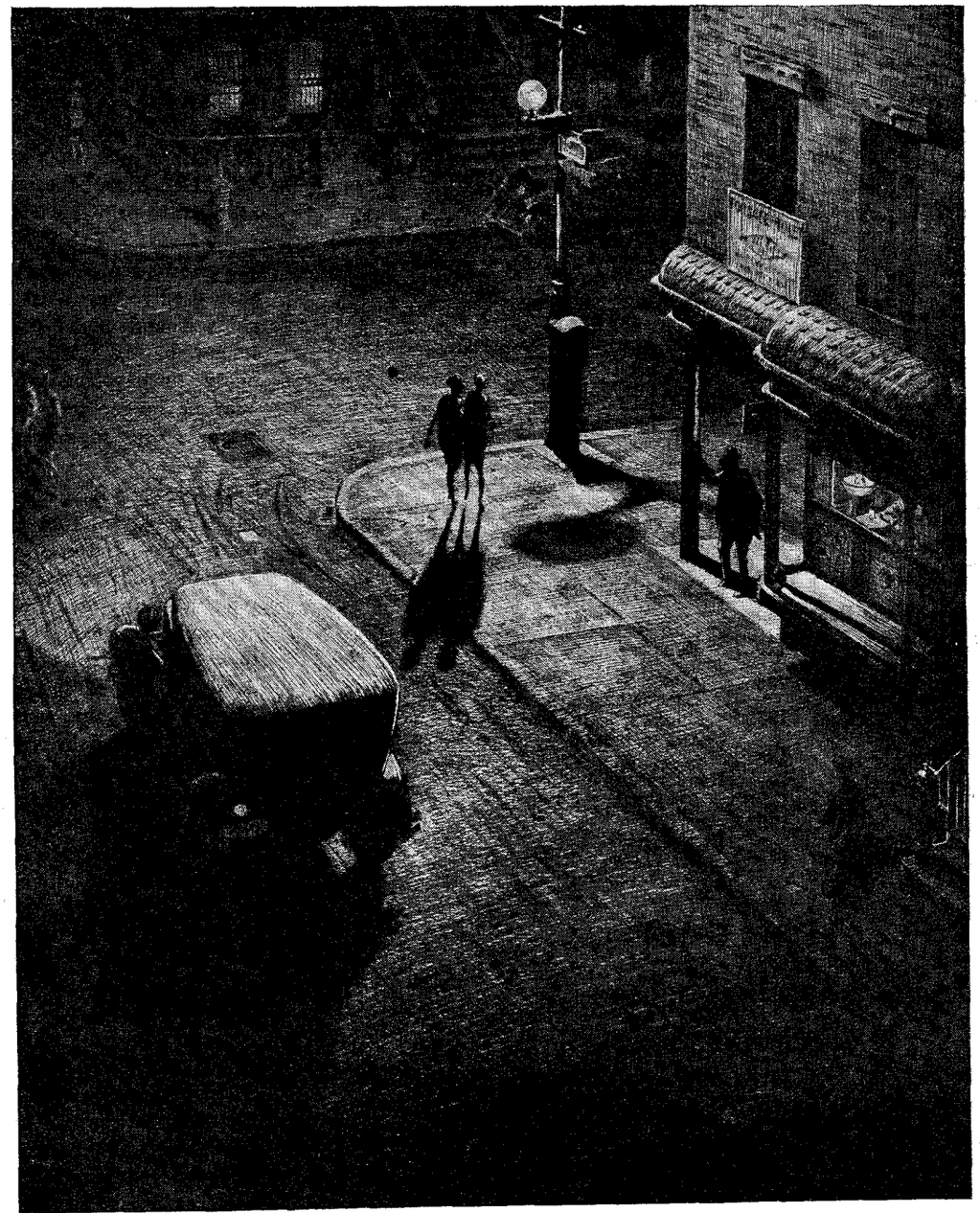

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Outlook
and Independent
January 23, 1929

Our Problem of Defense

By Brigadier General WILLIAM MITCHELL

Although the bill now pending in Congress for fifteen additional cruisers has been a storm center of controversy, most of the opposition has been aroused in pacifist quarters. General Mitchell, former Director of Military Aeronautics in the army, attacks the measure from more realistic ground. The decisive weapons of the future, he believes, will be in the air and under the water. To neglect the development of aircraft and submarines is to leave us vulnerable, however many cruisers we may crowd upon the seas. His article raises the whole question of our National defense

THE ANNUAL DRIVE by the Navy Department of the United States is on for more ships. In this instance, it is a request backed up by the President himself for fifteen cruisers, that is, naval vessels capable of a high rate of speed, comparatively lightly armed and designed to protect the commerce of the United States in case of war. The protagonists of this proposition lead the people to believe that only through naval protection of commerce can the United States be defended in case of war. But is this so? Several interesting questions arise in connection with the cruiser proposition.

Can any treaties, arrangements, tribunals or so-called "pacts-to-outlaw-war" really stop wars? While undoubtedly a great deal has been done during past years to bring people together and get them to discuss their differences, which leads to adjustments of disputes, still no written instrument can be provided which will absolutely protect a country from invasion in case an unforeseen international crisis arises. The so-called Kellogg Treaty against War recently negotiated by the Administration has little value in fact. It provides for the adjustment of disputes "unless a country is fighting for self-protection." Of course, in the last war England fought for self-protection, Germany fought for self-protection, France fought for self-protection, Italy fought for self-protection, Russia fought for self-protection and the United States fought for self-protection. The treaty would have applied to none of these. Further, England has had reservations made so that the pact applies to none of what she terms her "spheres of special interest," so she is at perfect liberty to conduct a war in Egypt, India, Africa, Canada, Australia or any other place she wishes. How far the Kellogg Treaty affects the authority of the League of Nations, in so far as the adjustment of disputes is concerned, is a problem.

As a really practical panacea for war, the Kellogg Treaty is useless. It is largely in the category of a political gesture which embodies the seeds of a very nice idea, striven for by people since the beginning of time but which has always failed to adjust serious disputes and probably will as long as the idea of proprietorship or covetousness exists in the human make-up.

So far in the development of civilization, treaties have been effective just so long as the agreements served the national interests of those who were a party to them; but when they failed to do this, they were as worthless as though they had never been put on paper.

Much as we hate to acknowledge it, the balance of armed power in Europe is what kept the peace of that continent from 1871 until 1914, a longer period of peace than any other in its written history. There will always be fights between the various nations of Europe, and we in the United States may think that by choosing either one side or the other, we shall be sure to "pick the winner." England did this for several centuries, coming into wars at the last with a reserve; but during the last war, she was powerless to follow this program and would have been defeated if the United States had not come in. If we had kept out of the war, Germany would have conquered Europe and later the United States, without any doubt, and would have had world empire. Both the achievement and the administration of world empire are very much easier than was formerly the case. The modern flying machine has reduced the size of the world to about one sixth its former magnitude, and the modern submarine controls the sea. Radio telegraphy enables all parts of the world to be brought into immediate touch with the speed of light.

Therefore, unless we wish to abandon our civilization and our National existence, we need to provide an adequate National defense, not to be used necessarily to pounce upon an unsuspecting or weak nation but to defend and preserve intact our own ideas which we consider right and for the best interests of modern civilization.

Methods and means of conducting national defense vary from time to time. Formerly the short sword, in the hands of the Romans, conquered the world; then the longbow, in the Middle Ages; then firearms, in the shape of guns and cannon. Now the decisive element has

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shifted to aircraft and the underwater boat.

Does the cruiser program that the Administration has pushed up to Congress mean National defense? Does it insure any great degree of protection to the country in case of modern war? Certainly not, as in case of war the cities of this country will be attacked directly through the air, either from Europe or Asia. Whatever intermediate bases are needed for the protection of aircraft will be seized by the more powerful air power. For instance, if Japan is more powerful in the air than we are, the Hawaiian Islands can be seized and held by aircraft directly from Japan. Midway Island is about the same distance from Tokyo that Honolulu is from San Francisco and Midway Island is only about ten hours' flight from Honolulu, with a string of islands connecting the two, most of which are capable of being developed into air bases.

Air bases can also be seized and equipped along the islands and shores of Alaska and the Pacific Coast and from these places the cities of our country attacked. This is no idle dream but a perfectly practical proposition. Other aircraft and submarines may be used as supply ships for these air bases, bringing them fuel, ammunition, food, spare parts, mechanics—anything. As aircraft can sink any ship on the surface of the sea, they are perfectly immune to attack from that quarter.

Aircraft will not attack in the way they did in the last war, but will fly at altitudes of 35,000 to 40,000 feet and hit their objectives miles away, with gliding bombs or aerial torpedoes. These weapons will carry gas and inflammable substances, which will force the evacuation of the cities and render living conditions impossible.

The essence of war is to paralyze the enemy's ability to continue hostilities. This means either destroying or threatening to destroy the enemy's habitations, his roads, railroads, canals and communications for getting subsistence to his people; his farms, his live-stock and crops. Today even a threat by a superior air power will force a nation to abandon a hopeless contest.

Any ship on the surface of the water is an easy prey to aircraft. This was shown finally and conclusively in the tests of airplanes against seacraft in 1921. Seacraft have no adequate power of resistance against aircraft. Their guns are practically no protection. They cannot begin to carry enough aircraft to defend themselves because they can neither launch sufficient planes nor can they find the attacking aircraft, except by chance, in sufficient time to prevent the onslaught by the aerial torpedo, the gliding bomb, the water torpedo, the gas cloud and the set mine fired from aircraft.

The surface ship, therefore, is no protection whatever to commerce because it is completely at the mercy of aircraft. Airplanes today can search out the remotest corners of the oceans, they can be refueled in the air and remain aloft almost indefinitely.

The modern submarine is the most potent naval weapon. It is with difficulty that an airplane can find it and destroy it. On the high seas, the surface ship is incapable of doing it any harm, because it is speedier than the battleship. The submarine has a radius of action which allows it to go clear around the world on one charge of fuel, it can carry heavier guns than any of the cruisers. In fact, it can stand out of range and sink the cruisers by gunfire, if necessary. It has formidable methods of underwater attack with its water torpedoes, mines and gas. It can even carry airplanes and aerial torpedoes. Besides acting as supply ships for island air bases, submarines can act as signaling bases and directors of aircraft over the sea. In modern naval warfare in the water, the submarine certainly will play the most prominent part, as it is the only ship that can maintain itself at sea against air attack and submarine attack.

Since the advent of air power and the submarine into the picture of National defense, the navy's relative value in the protection of the country has been greatly diminished. Instead of two elements in National defense as we formerly had,—the army and the navy,—we now have three. First, the land, from which all operations start, whether they be on land, on the water or in the air. Land power, in the form of armies, holds the land, and forms the base for all undertakings. Second, the air which is now the great medium of attack both over the sea and the land. It is the spear point of National defense. Third, the sea; sea power or the ability to control movements across the ocean in ships, has been rendered more difficult than ever by aircraft and the submarine.

National defense must be considered as one problem involving air, land and water, not as an army proposition or a navy proposition. Both these have taken a secondary place to air power in offensive operations. Neither armies nor navies can develop air power within themselves, because their fundamental conception of war is entirely different. An army "crawls on its belly," moves only a few miles a day, either on the legs of its soldiers or the mechanical legs of automotive vehicles. Its idea is to assemble a great number of men close together who will throw missiles, either physical or chemical, against a visible enemy.

Air power attacks hundreds and even thousands of miles from its base. If an army is given control of air power and attempts to keep it in its immediate vicinity to help it in advancing over the ground, it will fail against a well-organized adversary. A small amount of air power is necessary as an auxiliary to an army or a navy but the great mass of air power must be assembled together to deliver a great punch against the enemy at a distance.

The navy still tries to hold to the principle that the surface fleet controls the sea. It attempts to keep aviation around the fleet so as to defend these vessels against hostile air attack, instead of using the aviation to strike directly at the heart of the enemy country. No matter what is done, it is impossible to keep surface war vessels afloat in the face of air attack from land bases. The whole idea of keeping warships on the surface of the sea, with aircraft to defend them, is merely a waste of National effort and good money. It is like a person crawling into a hole and allowing an adversary to come and blow him up, just as the Belgians did in their tremendously heavily armored forts at Liège and Namur at the beginning of the war. The German howitzers blew them to powder with great dispatch. What is needed is direct attacks against the enemy's own country, not some unimportant operation in an undecisive area such as the surface of the sea is today.

All other first-class nations of the world have taken into consideration modern requirements of national defense and have separated their air power and sea power into separate units acting under one head. The United States is the only exception; it still maintains the outworn system of an army and a navy, separate and distinct

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from one another. This is because of the political strength of the army and navy bureaus in Washington which have been able to keep their hands on our air power and prevent any modern arrangements, with disastrous results to our whole National defense. The present system would certainly result in disaster in a modern war.

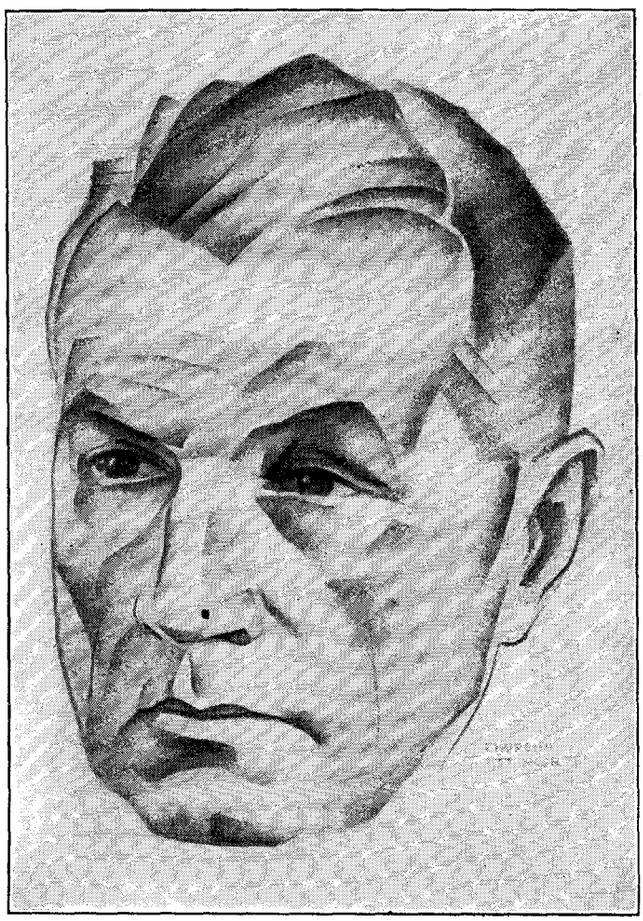
At the present time, there are two nations capable of taking the offensive against the United States, either alone or with allies. One is England and the other Japan. Both of these have armies, navies and air forces. Their submarines are especially good. They have designed their submarines not only to attack the enemy's commerce but to protect their own commerce against hostile submarines. Their air power is so organized that it protects, as far as possible, their merchant ships and carriers in time of war.

Both these nations depend for their existence on their ocean-borne commerce. Any number of surface warships that we might build in this country would be unable to interrupt their ocean transport in time of war, but submarines and aircraft could do it with the greatest ease. Attacks could be launched directly at their centers of population by air power. Both these countries know this full well and naturally their propaganda is so designed that it will make us build just as many surface ships as possible, because every dollar we put into surface ships, instead of submarines or aircraft, is a protection to them and a danger to us.

We are not dependent on overseas commerce for our existence in case of war. We are the most self-contained country that the world has ever seen. Every raw material that is necessary to modern life is found within our borders. In the organization of our National defense, these conditions should be taken into consideration. What counts in war is hitting the enemy, not sitting down until he hits you.

The submarines in our navy are the worst in the world. We have no aircraft worthy of the name for fighting purposes. In spite of the great sums spent by the army and navy on aeronautics, the fighting air units as at present organized would be perfectly helpless against the united air forces of any of the European countries where all air power is under a separate department entirely removed from the army and navy and trained to fight alone.

When we consider National defense, we must start at the beginning and have a law passed which will state what our problem is and what our National defense should consist of. The preamble to such an act might begin by saying that the military organization of the United States shall be designed to protect it from invasion and that this should be entrusted to a Secretary of National Defense, thus focusing responsibility on a single individual under the President. Under him should be the army, navy and air force and a supply department that would handle all the major purchases and expenditures for all three arms. Only in this way can efficiency be obtained and a guaranty given the people that the money put into National defense will be properly spent.



Future wars will be won in the air and under the water, believes General Mitchell

The construction of fifteen cruisers and the expenditure of hundreds of millions of dollars in no way helps our National defense as far as war with a major power is concerned. If we need vessels to patrol our sea lanes in time of peace or to undertake expeditions against smaller states, such as Nicaragua and others which have no navies, we have many naval vessels now rusting at their moorings that could perfectly well be used for contingencies of this sort.

If the money is needed to keep up our shipyards, then let us put the hundreds of millions proposed for cruisers into a merchant marine that can go out and compete on the high seas with the English, German and Japanese carriers that are taking about a billion of our dollars a year for carrying our goods.

What then should be done to protect more adequately this country? In my opinion, a joint commission of the House and Senate should be convened to inquire into the whole state of National defense of this country, so that it could recommend to the next session of Congress what our defense arrangements should consist of.

No such thing has been done since the war in Europe. Our system is essentially the same as the one in use before that great conflict. It is scarcely as good as that employed during our Revolutionary War because then all military power was vested in a single Department of War. In our Congress we have military committees, naval committees, but no air committees at all, nor is there any committee on National defense.

What we need for the protection of this country is air power properly organized, equipped and led; a good force of submarines and an army of the people.

The present cruiser program therefore is a very ill-timed and ill-advised measure. It is merely throwing a lot of our good money after bad.

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Weighing the Women's Vote

By HELENA HUNTINGTON SMITH

Will the woman voter be as potent a factor in future elections as she was last November? From a consideration of her cataclysmic effect on the fortunes of Mr. Hoover and Governor Smith, the author concludes that woman has established herself in politics as a constant threat; that we may even expect to see political issues presented in the moral guise that has been found to rouse the greatest number of the recently enfranchised sex

A PHENOMENON of the late election, which still stirs the bones of discussion at dinner tables weary of politics, is the staggering size and the cataclysmic effect of the women's vote. Last fall was the first time that this has played a decisive part in a Presidential campaign, although three Presidents have been elected since women received the ballot. In 1920 the woman suffrage amendment was only a few months old; in 1924 the election of Coolidge was too sure a thing, too little exciting, to overcome a lingering apathy.

The recent campaign of hectic memory, however, brought out what is generally accepted as the largest women's vote in history, as well as the largest general vote. And since the election various statements have been issued by G.O.P. managers, reiterating the dulcet observation that the ladies elected Mr. Hoover. The Democrats do not dispute them; partly, perhaps, from a feeling that it doesn't make much difference who elected him. It does make a difference, though, if one considers the future.

Very few States keep election figures on the basis of sex, and the few now available are so meagre as to mean nothing. All the conclusions on women's participation, even on the size of the women's vote, are guesswork. But they are based on a huge accumulation of small data; on the reports which came in to both National headquarters from district workers all over the country. "The women here are unusually active;" this, apprehensively, from scores of local Democratic chairmen in Nebraska and Colorado and Tennessee; triumphantly from Republican chairmen. The note occurred again when they reported on the phenomenally heavy registration. The women were "out."

If the ladies keep up this degree of attention to National affairs, what will it mean? What will be the effect on politics in the next four, eight, twelve years? And what have we learned, if anything, about the preferences of the female voter? One would like to know, for instance, if there is any reason besides political applesauce why Mr. Hoover was so often and glowingly referred to as "the woman's candidate."

The question will of course be raised whether, for purposes of analysis, there is any such thing as the woman voter. Women office-holders, for one, do not like to think so. One of the ablest political minds in the country, regardless of sex, belongs to Ruth Hanna McCormick, widow of the late Senator from Illinois, leading strategist of the anti-Hoover force at Kansas City and lately elected congressman-at-large from her State,—a job regarded as a stepping-stone to the Senate. She objects with force and fluency to any suggestion that she is, as she puts it, "a feminine freak in the political sideshow."

"I didn't run for office as a woman," she remarks. "I ran as the daughter of Mark Hanna and the wife of Medill McCormick, and therefore equipped by heredity and training to sit in the House. I shall differ from the other women in Congress on almost everything as much as George Norris differs from Reed Smoot."

ANOTHER RUTH, the first woman elected to Congress from New York has similar views. Mrs. John T. Pratt says: "In my term of service on the Board of Aldermen (in New York City) I was never conscious that I thought as a woman, except perhaps in one thing, and that was an extra degree of caution. I always wanted to be particularly sure of my facts before I said anything. I don't know whether that is just because women are inexperienced or whether it is a real psychological difference. In running for office I have never felt that women voted for me because I was a woman."

What these ladies say is perfectly true; they and others like them do not think and act, in political matters, with any sex coloring. But one does not look for such sex differences among women who are doing what used to be considered man's work. One does, however, expect to find them in the general run of female voters, whose state of mind, despite a flutter of club activities, is still molded by the four walls of the home. It would be rash to contend that such women's mental processes do not differ somewhat from their husbands'. And I believe that the facts of the last campaign, so far as facts are ascertainable, show that they do differ.

IF ONE ASKS experienced politicians of both parties what issues appeal to women, one gets surprisingly definite answers. "Women are interested in what affects the home." "Women respond to moral issues." This predilection for morality—the sort of morality that keeps an eye on the neighbors—was one of the most striking manifestations of the election. Its significance naturally does not escape the great reform organizations, who feel elated over their prospects. And it is especially clear in the case of prohibition, which is demonstrably a woman's movement, despite the fact that under pressure of war-time excitement men put it into effect.

Mr. Deets Pickett, national research secretary of the far-famed Methodist Board of Prohibition, Temperance and Public Morals, says: "Women are for prohibition on moral grounds. Men, especially business men, are in favor of it for social and economic reasons. They think it is better for business."

And which of these motives, the moral and emotional or the economic and rational, do you suppose has the greater driving force? Let us look at a few of the leading women's organizations. The General Federation of Women's Clubs adopts resolutions almost every year, re-affirming its perfect belief in the present prohibition law. The National League of Women Voters is more conservative. Last year it passed resolutions calling sonorously for enforcement, but avoiding the delicate question of changing or keeping the law.

The National Congress of Parents and Teachers is for strict enforcement and against modification, and yearly re-

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news declarations to this effect. Until 1924 it was the National Congress of Mothers. The National Education Association does not always bother to act on the question, but its officials do not hesitate to assert that it is firmly behind the Eighteenth Amendment. Like the preceding organization, this one has many more women members than men. An Anti-Saloon League official, in conversation with me, claimed that practically every women's organization whose constitution permitted, had at some time indorsed prohibition.

And now what about men's organizations? The American Federation of Labor is wet. The Chambers of Commerce and the business men's clubs generally steer clear of a topic so fraught with grief. Rotary, for instance, is carefully noncommittal because by taking a positive stand on prohibition it might offend affiliated Rotarians in forty-three bibulous nations. The American Legion, which has never shown undue delicacy about expressing itself on other matters of public policy, says nothing about prohibition, and says it with such vehemence that its representatives almost jump through the telephone when questioned. Sundry fraternal bodies, never notoriously dry in practice, likewise abstain from committing themselves on the principle.

It all makes the issue seem astonishingly plain; that the dry crusade draws on women for its aggressive force, and that it receives only passive support from men. There are thousands of male workers in the cause, ministers and reformers, but the ones I talked with admit that the great bulk of their constituency is female.

More light is cast on this point by certain figures about the membership of the Protestant churches, which are the backbone of the dry movement. Returns from the 1926 Federal census of religious bodies are available for only a few denominations. But the Presbyterian Church has 735,649 male members; 1,074,272 females; the Congregational Church has 333,473 and 548,174. In other words the membership in these two denominations averages about two thirds as many men as women. The earlier census indicates a similar proportion for Baptists and Methodists.

These figures and a heavy woman's vote must have something to do with each other. Doesn't that vote mean a prodigious accession of strength to the moral movement in the immediate future, and to the saintly candidate? Only the most naïve ladies will suppose that bootleg prices will go up or that dry politicians will drink less, because they have marched to the polls; but beyond much question their action will uphold the bone-dry gesture and aggravate the hypocrisies and dishonesties of the present régime.

Ever since the days of woman suffrage jokes the fair sex has been held susceptible to personality. I do not know that this is more true of women than of men, but it was evidenced clearly enough last fall that they have a lively preference for a certain kind of personality. Mr. Hoover, again to quote his lieutenants, was "the perfect candidate for women." And why? Mrs. Alvin T. Hert, vice chairman of the Republican National Committee and in charge of women's organization,

Underwood

MRS. ALVIN T. HERT

Vice-Chairman of the Republican National Committee

says: "Because he typified the home virtues." She might have added that his speeches, with their tactful domestic allusions, did not disturb this happy impression.

And what did Governor Smith typify? It was one of the paradoxes of the campaign that a man whose own home virtues were so shining should have been distorted into a symbol of their opposite. The brown derby—the wet views—the alien voice—the blurred iniquities of Tweed and Croker, so much more menacing than the contemporary peccadilloes of Fall and Daugherty—what could this portent be but Beelzebub incarnate, the harbinger of the saloon, the personification of all those gaudy masculine vices which for so many centuries have been flaunted under the noses of women—women sitting at home alone with set teeth?

And so the Democratic workers found that in the agrarian West this feeling, of which prohibition sentiment is really a part, was one thing they could not contend with. It roused the women to fury, and it interacted with the political lethargy of the men, who had always been Republican and could not change if their hands were cut off. Little by little one pieces together the picture, and sees how the Governor was checkmated from the start.

CLOSELY RELATED with all this is the matter of whispering campaigns. A whispering campaign deals with the morals, personal habits, table manners and grammar of a candidate and his family, and anything else not dignified or relevant or truthful enough to be brought up on the platform. In an article in the Outlook and Independent on "Election by Emotion," last October, Harvey O'Higgins made the statement that this kind of campaign had been notoriously effective in the woman suffrage States of the West, long before the Nineteenth Amendment was passed. It has been repeatedly charged, also, that women were particularly influenced by "whispering" attacks in this election.

A prominent Democrat has pointed out that the two or three cases of personal slander which were followed up by Governor Smith were all traced to feminine sources. This in itself proves nothing, but let us consider the case a little farther. The same Democrat told me of an incident reported to headquarters from the Middle West. There was a meeting of a women's study club or social group, at which about fifty ladies were present, and one of them rose and read, to an accompaniment of shocked and credulous murmurs from the audience, from a leaflet setting forth that the wife of the Democratic candidate was a bad woman. This case may have been a trifle more blatant than usual, although there were hundreds which resembled it in many particulars. But it is difficult, nevertheless, to imagine a gathering of men giving solemn official heed to scandal-mongering.

In fact, experience in the past has shown that the reaction of the male to whispered slander is likely to be "What

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of it?" Grover Cleveland's illegitimate offspring did him no harm when he ran for President, although due credit must be given for his skilful handling of the situation. When Woodrow Wilson was seeking the Presidency in 1912, the opposition got wind of a story—since wholly explained—to the effect that he had traveled to Bermuda with a woman not his wife. W. F. McCoombs, his campaign manager, was confronted with the tale by some gentlemen of the hostile press.

"Go ahead and print it!" he is said to have retorted, without the flicker of an eyelash. "We have had a tough time convincing the voters that Mr. Wilson is human. Your story will help us, not harm us. By all means, print it!"

A shrewd bluff, no doubt, but no bluff can be so masterly as that without containing an element of conviction. We are told frequently that the masculine herd has a leniency toward the "regular fellow," and like many such bywords, it is probably more than half true. No one can doubt that Mr. McCoombs would have reacted quite otherwise if the woman suffrage amendment had been in effect.

In fact, it is the judgment of firsthand observers that scandal, true or false, figured in past political campaigns to just about the extent that the ladies took part. I have some interesting evidence to this effect from a gentleman who worked through several seasons of labor agitation and political strife in the West, at a time when woman suffrage was confined to the Western States. Whispering campaigns, he says, were then a matter of course in those States, while comparatively a negligible factor east of the Mississippi. He observed the use of them against Roosevelt in 1912 and against Wilson in 1916, with juicy stories of personal immorality which he found no one ever bothered to repeat in the masculine and unmoral East, or indeed, had never heard.

The same informant tells me that the current estimation of Judge Lindsey in Colorado may be traced to the same system. He says a respectable woman in Denver, theoretically intelligent, blushed when he mentioned the name of Lindsey at her dinner table. It was because of his "personal character," she explained to this gentleman, and remonstrated with him for having mentioned Judge Lindsey in front of her children. Judge Lindsey's "personal character," it appears, is described in all the campaigns against him by woman agents who are sent to speak in the Denver Woman's Club, the central organization of women's activities in Denver. Mrs. Lindsey has been persecuted with such stories to a point where she and Judge Lindsey are ostracized from any social life except with intimate friends, who know what the truth is.

To this observer the stories about Wilson seemed the National beginning of the same sort of tactics, as woman suffrage spread, and the whispering campaign against Smith its fulfillment with National woman suffrage.

Leaving aside for the moment personality, prohibition and slander, how do other issues appeal to women? Repeatedly, by both Republican and Democratic workers, I have been told that economic questions strike no great spark in the feminine bosom. The clarion call of prosperity appealed, they think, quite noticeably more to men,

Underwood

MRS. RUTH PRATT

The first woman to be elected to Congress from New York

though here as in the case of prohibition there was an interaction that cannot be weighed. At any rate it was an observable fact that when men foregathered they talked tariff and the bull market, and that women didn't, or not nearly so much.

It is a curious sidelight that it was this talk which cut down Smith's plurality so disastrously in his own home town. Miss Lillian Wald, of the Henry Street settlement, who knows more than all the experts about the sidewalks of New York, says that pushcart peddlers and small East Side storekeepers, were buying a share of a share of stock in the market frenzy, and were parroting "prosperity," without knowing what they meant. She thinks that among the city working classes, as one finds it elsewhere, the women are certainly more dry than the men, but that this did not so noticeably affect the city's vote last fall.

To resume; it appears that women do not respond very energetically to the power question. Ownership of utilities was made an issue chiefly by Governor Smith's attack on the methods of private monopoly and his advocacy of public control, and for that reason the Democrats probably worked harder than the G. O. P. to "sell" power to the ladies. They tried to do it in terms of cheap light for rural homes, cheap current for washing machines, but even so it fell flat. Light is a small item on the household budget.

Any one who has listened to the average male citizen airing his political wisdom is aware that actually he knows no more about the economic policies behind the tariff, let us say, than his wife. But it is a male convention to talk tariff, and so certain vague economic notions, twisted or straight, percolate in time through the mass. But outside of the cities, which are hotbeds of feminine unrest, it is not yet a female convention to talk tariff or power or stock market. And that fact throws a great light. It means that the stock appeals which politicians have been using in political campaigns for a hundred years must be revised if candidates are to be made appealing to the newly enfranchised women voters. It means not only new appeals; it means dramatizing the old ones in such a way that they will be given the sort of color which appeals to the feminine mind.

For the following simple delineation of the feminine outlook I am indebted to Mrs. Hert, who has every reason to be grateful to the woman voter, and so will not be accused of malice. She says: "In order to interest women you must make them see that the issue concerns them directly, and their husbands and homes and children." To some people such a limitation of one's horizon may seem a little ignoble and more than a little narrow. But—"Women are interested in what affects the home." And the home is an extremely self-centered institution. Its motto is "Me and mine." Altogether, it is rather a sorry impression of the woman voter—personalities, prejudice, slander, rancorous conservatism of a certain sort, differing from the dollars-and-cents conservatism of the average male, but tending to

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strengthen it. What it spells, one fears, is success to the party most adroit in giving its issues a spurious moral twist, to the candidate who will wax most throaty on the subject of the home. It means that as soon as the "moral issue" tag is firmly fixed to any measure, no matter how impractical or how insincere, it will be political suicide for an office-seeker to oppose it.

FROM ALL THE FOREGOING it is tempting to draw the obvious conclusion that women vote by emotion, not by reason. I have refrained from pointing to it so far, however, because men vote the same way. In that respect one sex is just as bad as the other. The point is that women are swayed by special emotions of their own, and that they are all swayed more or less alike. Men belonging to different parts of the country, different social classes, different sects, are blown about by as many different gusts of prejudice and sentiment, because their interests are diversified. Women are much more nearly homogeneous. There are many and rapidly multiplying exceptions, but for the great majority of them the compelling interests of life are still circumscribed by the domestic circle. Richest and poorest, country and city, they have essentially the same absorptions and the same limitations. There is real danger in the appeal which whips up the fears and passions of so vast a group.

There is another factor which heightens the distressing potentialities of this feminine brand of emotionalism, and that is the size, number and activity of the women's organizations. These bodies, so worthy in spirit, constitute one of the most effective machines ever devised for the spread of mob emotion. The vast network of associations for this, that and the other purpose which extends over the country has an unheard of capacity for swallowing any and all kinds of propaganda. The personnel of many of these associations consists of a small, active leaven of energetic women for whom club work is a means of self-expression, and a very large inert mass of ladies not wholly occupied by home duties, who desire the sensation of self-improvement with the minimum of effort. The latter are the predestined victims of anybody with an axe to grind. The propagandists work from the top, interesting the National officers first, and then working down through the State and local organizations. It is immaterial that a given cause is often a good one, and that the people exerting themselves for it are wholly sincere. The disturbing thing is the ease with which so influential a group of citizens is stampeded.

By the time it has worked down to the local chapter in Little Falls or Blue River Junction, the system functions somewhat as follows, usually by the light of a wildly garbled parliamentary procedure. A lady gets up and says: "Now I'm sure we all believe in the principles our great country stands for" and then a set of resolutions is read very rapidly, to the effect that "Whereas, we believe in maintaining the standards of true Americanism. Therefore, Be It Resolved that rice cultivators in the Philippines be required to wear cotton tights." The first lady then puts the question by saying: "Will all those who indorse these true American principles please rise?" And every one stands up, because no lady likes to feel conspicuous, and to remain sitting would be very conspicuous indeed.

Underwood

MRS. RUTH HANNA McCORMICK
Lately elected Congressman-at-Large from Illinois

If some bolder one does keep her seat, the chairman is likely to come up to her afterwards—especially if the chairman happens to be in rather close touch with State headquarters,—and say with an aggrieved air: "Mrs. Brown, I'm sorry to see that you don't believe in the principles of true Americanism." This usually wilts Mrs. Brown quite effectively, as well as having a deterrent influence on other individualists. Meanwhile the members disperse, knowing nothing about the exigencies of rice cultivation, but armed with a moral conviction which spreads out in widening circles to their friends and their friends' friends. Hence, at the next election, several hundred thousand American ladies vote for cotton tights under the impression that they are upholding the Constitution and the flag.

The foregoing pages of discussion and gloomy surmise are largely based upon what will at once strike many sagacious readers as an unwarrantable supposition; that the feminine vote which came out so heavily in the election of 1928 will stay out. Some of it will, because politics is a tempting sport, which gets into the blood worse than horse racing. But probably the majority of the housewives who went to the polls for the first time will go home again, content to have vanquished the vague, horned menace which in their minds' eye is the picture of Governor Smith.

But whether they go on voting or not, the result is just the same. There is always the paralysing possibility that they will vote. And politicians who find themselves on the verge of being bewitched again into doing the courageous thing, the tradition-defying thing, will remember what happened in 1928 and shudder.

It is all rather a wry joke on the liberals, who were so bent on giving the vote to women back in the nineteen-'teens. I myself, though not so very old at the time, was an ardent suffragist. But now, as a woman of mildly liberal proclivities, I have moments of treasonable doubt in which I wonder wether the interests of general progress would not have been better served if we ladies had been kept *in statu quo* a little while longer. In such pessimistic interludes I wonder whether giving us the vote under the circumstances wasn't putting the cart before the horse. Wouldn't it have been better to change the social conditions first,—as they are gradually changing now,—and let the ladies out of their homes to get a wider outlook before permitting them to brandish the ballot? As a sex we are long on idealism but a little weak in our sense of fact, owing no doubt to a lack of that realistic experience which is the last, lingering outpost, though a rather formidable one, of male superiority. What we need, to be dogmatic about it, is fewer club meetings and resolutions and more genuine contacts in a world of men and nations and police courts and politicians.

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From the Life

Black Christmas

By IBBY HALL

RUNNING THROUGH a forlorn section of a small town there is a street which (for want of its own name) may as well be called Poor Street. If you should leave wherever you are living and of necessity go to live in one of those tilted houses, you would see life suddenly all askew—like the trick ballets which, by changing lights, can turn white people into black, and dancing troupers into gyrating skeletons. Fresh air blowing along this street in hearty gusts is not a blessing to be sought and breathed, but an enemy with prying fingers, trying to tear down the flimsy walls between living souls and death. Food here is valued not for taste or rarity but for its bulk and warming properties. Clothes are judged by weight and service. In education one learns how to earn bread and keep alive. In love one chooses a mate who can help along this ideal. In religion the god that is worshiped is the god of warmth and a full stomach.

Summer is kind to this street. The crooked door frames and sagging windows, the uneven roofs, become strangely careless and picturesque. Summer splashes the mean little houses with patterns of shadow and sunlight and sudden outbursts of green. Then the old people hobble over the door sills to nod and smile again in triumph. Children tumble from their hard beds and run barefooted in the bright colored dust. Mothers make a great to-do sunning their ragged bedclothes, sunning themselves and shouting pleasantly the lazy gossip of the street.

But the pale, clear evenings of November march down the street like a parade of menacing ghosts. There is no fanfare for Thanksgiving Day. December is to follow, and with each day the threat of Christmas will be heard more loudly and with increasing sharpness.

There was no snow last Christmas in Poor Street; but only a chilly dampness biting its way like mice through all the cracks and crevices of the huddled houses. And there was a great lack of coal. Fuel on Poor Street is not purchased by the ton but hoarded by the basketful. It is used for cooking and for keeping warm—not for jollity or a spectacle. Coal is monarch here and finds its rightful throne. But on this Christmas Eve the Monarch was to be found anywhere except on Poor Street. Perhaps one or two houses with windows stuffed tighter than the rest and doorways scrubbed cleaner, had a few bucketfuls to last them over Christmas. But these were rich and lucky homes. Others counted their holiday celebration by the shovelful, and there were those who had just finished counting by the piece. Christmas belonged in picture books, certainly not on this street.

THE night before Christmas was hushed and quiet on Poor Street. Upon the thin and sagging roofs there was to be heard no slightest echo of a reindeer's hoof. Stretched centuries high above them the Christmas stars were cold and silent. The angels as well as Santa Claus had once more forgotten that humble row of houses.

On Christmas morning they woke to draw the bedclothes closer up around their chins. Outside the world was celebrating Christmas—a strange world having more money than it could eat or wear, indulging itself in buying ornaments to give away. Poor Street shivered and yawned. And forgot to close its mouth.

For somewhere up the street roared a strange and unfamiliar sound. It was a voice unknown to them that boomed and rocked and burst in its shouting, and the words it shouted were "Merry Christmas!" With one accord Poor Street held its breath and rose from bed. Poor Street rushed to its front door and out upon its pavement of earth. With one astounded eye it looked at Santa Claus.

For it was Santa Claus who came riding. He drove a horse and sat upon the wagon seat, and to those who lived in the shivering houses he looked at least ten feet tall. He looked not in the least like any of his pictures, for those pictures were of white Christmases, and this Christmas was black. Santa Claus was black. And the load he drove was blacker still. The wagon behind him was filled to overflowing with shining lumps of coal.

"Anybody want their Christmas coal?" shouted Santa Claus. "Everybody come dis-a-way and get their coal. Free coal to everybody. Merry Christmas!"

The old people hobbled over the door-sills; the children ran barefooted out into the street. The parents hurried with their baskets and their buckets, shouting unintelligibly.

Santa Claus towered above them and handed out the coal. He might have been in his native forest, standing tall and reaching high, to hand down the best fruit to naked children below him. Or he might have been the grand old footman of a retired southern colonel, driving his load of Christmas to the poor. But whatever he might have been, in Poor Street Christmas morning he was Santa Claus.

Not until the big wagon was as empty and clean as his great hand could brush it did Santa Claus pause in his labors. Not until every basket was filled to overflowing did he climb back upon the wagon seat and shout "Giddap!" to the solitary horse.

"Merry Christmas!" roared the voice of Santa Claus, and Poor Street on one long intake of breath resounded with "Merry Christmas!"

BY THE DAY that followed Christmas the boast had got abroad. Santa Claus had visited Poor Street! And now there were other visitors—men with suspicious eyes and mouths that turned down at the corners, white-starched collars and other marks of superiority. They looked glumly enough at the half empty buckets of coal, and asked who was the Santa Claus, and what did he look like? It seemed that he had left an empty wagon at the coal yards, a wagon which mysteriously enough had been full the day before.

Poor Street looked anxiously at the gentlemen from the coal yards. Must they give it back? was the question that rose silently in each dingy house—in every shivering yard—on the frozen sidewalk. Until they disappeared the question followed the unhappy men with the white collars.

Once more Poor Street drew a sigh of gratitude and relief. Santa Claus had vanished. The mystery was safe. They went back to their glowing fires and warmed themselves.

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German Planes and War Aces

By T. R. YBARRA

THE GERMANS have prided themselves for several years on being the most "air-minded" people in the world. In Germany commercial flying has developed so rapidly since the end of the War that German business men consider boarding an airplane for a flight of several hours scarcely more out of the ordinary than buying a railroad ticket.

The inauguration of night flying on some of the commercial air lines of Germany—you can now fly in the dark from Berlin to Hanover or from Berlin via Danzig to Königsberg—entitles the German more than ever to apply to himself that novel adjective "air minded." Flying, to his way of thinking, is no longer a stunt, fit only for daredevil pilots and venturesome passengers.

Whereas, in the United States, you cannot as yet fly from New York to Boston or Buffalo on planes of a regular aerial line, there are air services connecting nearly all the big cities of Germany. From the Tempelhof Airdrome, just outside Berlin, airplanes leave daily—sometimes even twice a day—for destinations north, south, east and west. They fly to Munich, Cologne, Hamburg—to Amsterdam, in Holland, Malmö and Stockholm in Sweden, Copenhagen, in Denmark. You can even fly all the way from Berlin to Moscow, in the heart of Soviet Russia, with one change at Königsberg, East Prussia. With one transfer at Cologne, you can soar through the air from Berlin to Paris; you can leave Berlin in the morning, change planes at Amsterdam and arrive at London in the evening.

One of the principal reasons why the Germans have such a lead over all other nations in commercial flying is that, by the Treaty of Versailles, they are forbidden to concern themselves with the development of military aviation. Barred from that field, they have devoted to the commercial phase of airplane development an energy which has put them ahead of all competitors.

Some people, especially in France, look askance at this, deeming German efforts mere masked preparations for the next war. Should it come, they say, Germany will simply turn her excellent fleet of peace planes into war planes, her highly efficient corps of peace pilots into aerial warriors.

The Luft-Hansa, the great German air concern, was busy for months perfecting arrangements before it finally announced its new nocturnal schedules. The preliminary arrangements included, especially, the installation of brighter signal lights around Tempelhof and the other German landing fields, for the better guidance of pilots at night.

Though Tempelhof, as it is at present, is no more than a miniature of what it will become when the ambitious plans for its developments materialize,

Underwood

ERNST UDET

"A 'tough guy,' a genuine daredevil of the air"

it already reminds one of a busy railroad station. There are waiting rooms, ticket offices, departments for baggage, a hall where the customs officials search for contraband articles. There is a restaurant, with an open-air section, where, in good weather, you can sip a cup of coffee and watch the incoming and outgoing planes soaring overhead. It is a commonplace at this restaurant to hear some one ask, gazing upward: "What plane is that?" and to have the waiter answer carelessly, as he flicks dust from your table: "That is the Moscow express, sir."

Ernst Udet, Germany's foremost surviving air ace, who is credited with having brought down sixty-eight Allied planes, in the World War, visited Paris recently and was royally welcomed and entertained by a number of French aces, his former foes. Among them was René Fonck, who, aided by others scarcely less renowned, simply could not do enough for Udet. There were embraces and dinners, toasts and laudatory speeches. Fonck and his fellows told what a fine chap Udet was, what a chivalrous enemy he had always been, and Udet, in response, poured praise on the Frenchmen whom he was trying to shoot down to death ten years ago. "The world do move."

Udet is quite a character. He spends much of his time in Berlin, where he counts among his friends a number of Americans. He pronounces his name by the way German fashion, though it looks quite French—the "U" is pronounced like "oo" in "boot" and the "et," instead of having the French form, sounds like the same letters in "bet."

He is a short, chunky little chap, with a good-humored grin on his face. Nothing pleases him better than to run across an American at the Adlon bar and roll dice for a drink. He is usually remarkably lucky at this pastime—but where his luck is really something phenomenal is in the air.

Though Udet is the most daring "stunt" flier in Germany, he rarely has anything even approaching a serious accident. Though he flies upside down and does all sorts of other wild tricks, which take away the breath of the crowds watching his exhibitions, he constantly emerges unscathed. Indeed so amazing is the luck of Udet that he can hardly get anybody, man or woman, to fly with him.

Last year Udet was thinking of flying across the Atlantic to America, but he had to postpone his flight. When Nobile and his comrades were lost in the Arctic last summer, after their flight over the North Pole, Udet wanted to fly to their aid. Several Americans in Berlin were deeply interested with him in the project, but the Nobile expedition was rescued before the daring little German ace could get under way.

If Udet ever comes to America he should be popular. He has the "husky," muscular look which Americans like. He is a "tough guy"—in the physical sense—a genuine daredevil of the air. And that grin of his, flitting across his weather-beaten face, is sure to win American hearts.

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The Trend of Events

Peace Abroad and at Home

DIE-HARD opposition on the one side to the Kellogg Treaty for Renouncing War and on the other to the bill for building fifteen cruisers is rare. If newspaper opinion can be trusted there should be no difficulty in passing both measures. The press generally indeed has expected both measures to be passed. There have been signs of public impatience at the Senate for being deliberate and obstructive; but again if newspaper opinion can be trusted it has not been wholly the Senate's fault. There is a strong body of public belief that before the country adopts either measure, but particularly the antiwar pact, it should know what it is doing.

The Kellogg Treaty, urges one side in substance, is perfectly clear; it means what it says and nothing more. As the man in the street no longer resorts to weapons to enforce his will but still has the right to defend himself, so the nation in renouncing war retains the right to self-defense. That does not have to be explained for it is self-evident. And of course it is preposterous to argue, as some do, that the Kellogg Pact might be understood as committing us to join European nations in a punitive expedition against some alleged aggressor. It may be perfectly clear to you, is the retort, but it is evidently not clear to everybody. If it were, why should there be such a close connection between the emotional support of the Kellogg Pact and emotional opposition to the cruiser bill? There are American organizations that are carrying on a campaign based on the idea that cruisers will be unnecessary once we have renounced war and thus virtually abolished it. If there are Americans who feel that way we must suppose that Europeans will expect America to go a good deal farther in disarming than she or any other nation is intending to do.

The debate in the newspapers has become hotter with the passage of time. Senatorial arguments for interpretation are described as indications of the low order of Senatorial mentality, while Senatorial arguments for the peace pact without explantion are described as an example of the sort of gullibility that has too often been characteristic of American politics. Why weaken a generous gesture by explanations? Why run the danger of being misunderstood when we can easily state what we mean? Where is the money for the pacifist propaganda coming from? The idea that international bankers are going to force the peace pact on the United States is bosh. So the editorial blows are exchanged. Every thwack in the Senate appears first to have been delivered in the press.

Decided though American editors may be on the promotion of international peace by means of a gesture there is no division of opinion that something more than a gesture is needed to secure domestic peace and order. Nobody is

Brown in the New York Herald Tribune

A different point of view

proposing to substitute a declaration for renouncing crime for the maintenance of the police. On the contrary public opinion as reflected in the press is becoming insistent that something effective be done to protect society against the lawless. When 150 Chicago police supported by twenty-five prohibition agents, ten United States marshals and others proceed to capture the city hall of a community numbering 25,000, the echoes sound in New England. When the so-called Birger gang in Missouri capture and kill a man, mutilate his body and murder his wife, the local press is ashamed and indignant. When a man is killed in Pennsylvania because he is supposed to have bewitched a family and a lock of his hair is needed to break the spell, there are editorial reverberations in the West. When payroll robbers become so frequent as to stir the National Crime Commission to consider measures for general protection both of employers and employes against bandits the prospect of some action is hailed throughout the country. Such proposals as Governor Smith of New York and Governor Green of Michigan have made to leave the sentencing of criminals to a special board of experts find scant sympathy at this time because they are thought to originate in an overtender solicitude for the feelings of enemies of society. Proposals that the jury system be modified or abandoned for something better get a hearing now in the press. Editors seem to be readier than they once were to heed the protest that it is no longer the innocent individual that needs to be safeguarded against the injustice but the State.

The one exception to the general denunciation of the spirit of lawlessness appears in much of the comment on prohibition. From the violator of the law indignation is transferred there to the law itself. Indeed it goes further and is directed against the methods that are employed for law enforcement. The same newspaper which scorns any treatment of the criminal that takes into consideration his heredity, his environment or his point of view will be as likely as not to find good reason for the existence of the bootlegger in the circumstances created by the law that he violates. Such a newspaper may be expected to urge a fearless inquiry into the reasons for non-enforcement of prohibition but it is rare that such a newspaper is interested in trying to find out not only why is a bootlegger? but also why is a murderer or a bandit?

American Economics Abroad

ANDRE TARDIEU, French economist and politician and formerly a protegé of the War Premier, Clemenceau, has made the most revolutionary proposal for France that has been brought forward since the War.

As a member of the Poincaré National Union Cabinet, he has suggested that what his country needs is American standards and ideas in business, to revitalize the commerce of the country

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Wide World

GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS OF RUSSIA

The death at Antibes, France, of this claimant to Russia's throne removed the outstanding figure in the Russian monarchist movement, leaving the Grand Duke Cyril as the only prominent aspirant to the throne to head the hopes of a dwindling and really ineffective faction among the Russian refugees

and restore national prosperity, and that a first step is to decentralize French administration and relieve trade and industry from any of the official controls that have hampered freedom of action and development. Premier Poincaré has declared himself in favor of some of Tardieu's reconstruction measures; but whether the full program can be carried into effect will depend on the degree of public support Tardieu can secure.

What Tardieu has in mind, most fundamentally, seems to be a change in the French conception of capital and its use. Frenchmen, like most Europeans, think of money as something static, as property, to be hoarded and safeguarded. Americans generally think of money as something dynamic as power, to be put to work and utilized. A gradual change in this basic attitude of overcaution in economic action would work a transformation in the life of France.

▸▸*Fixing War Damages*

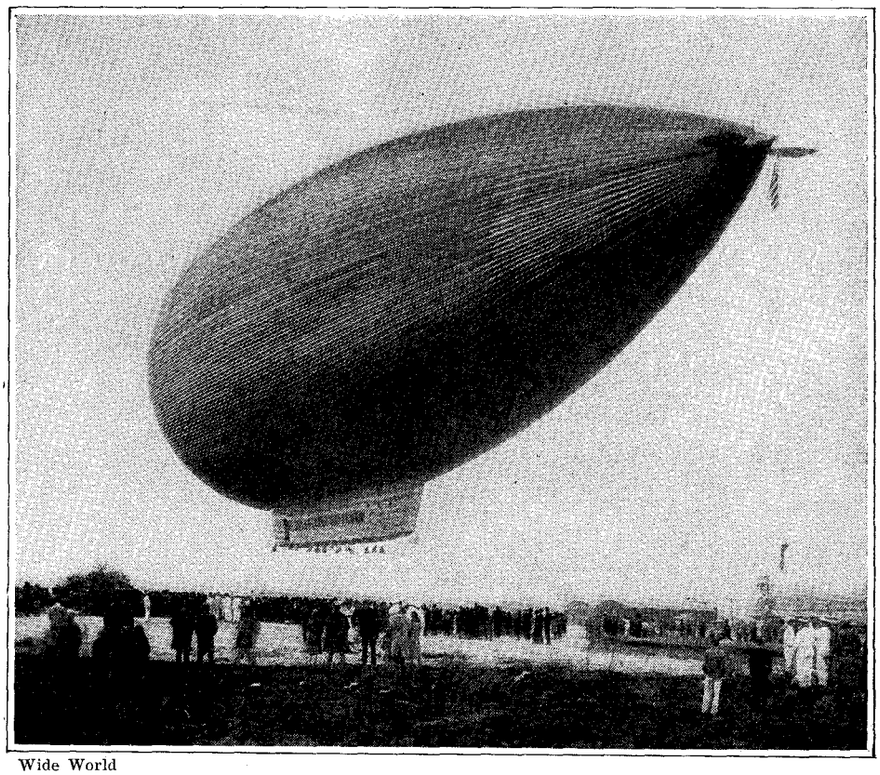
THE PROSPECT is that this year will see the long-awaited final agreement on the World War damages to be paid by Germany. The stage is set for the settlement. As the delegates to a new committee of experts are appointed by the Allies and Germany and also by the United States there is a general understanding that now the term of years through which Germany must pay is to be fixed. This amounts to acceptance of the principle, always advocated by American spokesmen at the Peace Conference in Paris, that the amount of damages to be paid should be definitely determined.

Four years ago, after many difficulties between the Allies and Germany and after the Allied occupation of the Ruhr Valley, the Dawes Committee devised the plan for reparations payments which has been administered by S. Parker Gilbert as Agent-General. That program has now reached the point at which the maximum annual payments by Germany, totaling about $625,000,000 a year, are due to begin. The question whether Germany can pay this full amount will be a first concern of the new committee of experts; and the decision as to how long she is to pay the yearly sum eventually established will settle the question how much she is to pay in all.

What Germany has to bargain with is her willingness to undertake to pay the full annual quota fixed by the Dawes Plan; what the allies have to bargain with is their willingness to hasten the time of evacuation of the Rhineland, which Germany is particularly interested to free from Allied troops. Premier Poincaré of France is understood to be prepared to make considerable concessions in this regard to satisfy Germany and induce her to agree to the full reparations schedule. He has just won a decisive vote of confidence in the French Parliament, so that the political path appears to be cleared for the reparations conferences.

▸▸*Einstein Again*

FIVE PAGES is as much as Einstein has taken to present to the world of science a new, major theory to which he has devoted the past ten years. This fact seems to impress the Berlin correspondents of the American press who naïvely point out that this is at the rate of exactly one half page of writing a year! But the annals of the Prussian Academy of Sciences are notably laconic, not being intended for the layman; and even were they not laconic on that account, mathematics is itself a compressed, laconic language—it is like the dried apples on which, as the story goes, a certain boy gorged himself, drank water, swelled up and burst. If, now, we may assume that the lay world which almost burst several years ago in its effort to encompass the Relativity



Wide World

THE "CITY OF GLENDALE" TAKES THE AIR

The first all-metal, steam-driven dirigible on its first test flight at Glendale, California

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Halladay in the Providence Journal

The Cake Line

theory of Einstein by means of easy popular books, is liable again to burst, we may be forewarned of what is in store for us when the elucidators of Einstein's new theory, who have written 3,775 books on the old, get into full swing on it.

At the time of writing, the Outlook and Independent has no satisfactory information concerning the new theory. It is obviously not a theory of Relativity but rather, apparently, an attempt to create a synthesis, a broad concept, which will let gravitation, always the poor relative of science, into the family fold with full rank and link it up with existing theories of electromagnetism. Whether this will let the world in for another decade of bitter argument, as the Einstein theories of relativity did, will depend upon whether like those famous theories, it contains much (curved space for example) that lies outside the common experience of the average man. The two Einstein theories of Relativity, the Special (1905) and the General (1915), have been tentatively accepted by all but a small minority of those best qualified to assess their validity, the physicists and the astronomers—this despite a persistent barrage of objections from those, chiefly laymen, to whom Relativity is "simply not common sense." Relativity has revolutionized our concept of the universe and ramified widely into every branch of physics, especially influencing the new atomic physics to a marked degree.

One thing seems reasonably certain. Einstein will not this time say there are not in all the world twelve minds which can comprehend his new theory—unless he wishes, as some think he did before, to encourage every one to learn it or make a stab at learning it. For a scientist, Einstein understood human nature remarkably well when he said that.

▸▸*The "Hex" Murder*

York County, Pennsylvania, is not the only community in which there are people who are pathetically superstitious and mentally arrested, but it happens to have furnished a murder trial that should make every community think of its duty to those in it who are mentally starved or stunted, and incidentally of its own further protection.

A family in York County believed that it was bewitched—or, in the "Pennsylvania Dutch" dialect, "hexed." Misfortune followed misfortune. As the mother of the family testified, "It got so I didn't care if my children got anything to eat or anything else. Our chickens got away, and something was done to our cattle." To remove the spell a "powwow doctor" named Blymyer with two companions, one a member of this family, another a boy of fourteen, went to the home of the alleged sorcerer or "hexer" to get a tuft of his hair to bury in the earth as a cure of the family's ills. In resisting the attempt to get his hair, the alleged sorcerer Rehmeyer was killed. All three implicated in the killing were tried, found guilty and sentenced to imprisonment.

During the trial a most extraordinary mental condition among the people involved was revealed. For the cure of illness or for the removal of misfortune of any kind these people depended upon incantations which included formulas in Latin, Greek and Hebrew, upon cryptic signs, and upon symbolic actions. Pleas of insanity were rejected.

As long as this powwow doctor and the two boys who were with him are imprisoned they will no longer be a menace to their neighbors; but their imprisonment does not solve the problem which ignorance, penury and fear have created. Perhaps the verdict may impress upon a few of these people the fact that there are other people in the world who do not accept "hexing" with incidental murder as a cure.

This murder occurred in a community provided with public schools and with other means of education and information. Evidently those means are not sufficient to protect the community against the hazards caused by ignorance and fear.

The trial itself was evidently conducted with intelligence. The army of reporters and sob sisters, which has helped to make such trials as the Hall-Mills case in New Jersey and the Snyder case in New York a reproach to American methods of administering justice, was excluded from the York County courthouse. The New York "World," whose reporter was among those excluded, editorially commends York county for its conduct of the case. But the trial itself will become significant in proportion as it makes all communities realize the importance of public education and of such measures as will provide custody for those whose minds are incapable of development. With the conviction and imprisonment of the murderers, the case is not closed.

▸▸*Prohibition Adjustments*

Though still a subject of bitter controversy, prohibition seems to be drifting from the control of extremists on both sides. Some of those still unreconciled to it as a measure of merit seem to be more willing than they were to accommodate themselves to its existence; and some of those devoted to it as a reform are more willing than they were to join with its opponents in attacking its attendant evils.

Among the most unreconciled is the New York "Evening World." A correspondent of that paper writes that the President-elect believes that "prohibition should begin at home and that before Washington moralizes to the balance of the country it ought to set a healthy example in obedience to the letter of the law." The "Evening World" correspondent reports that the

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The farmer's not the only one troubled with a "surplus" problem!

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influence of the President-elect is already having an effect, and that some of the men in high official places who have served cocktails and other drinks at their parties have dropped the practice and have announced that they would not resume it.

In New York State the Legislature is in session and Assemblyman Louis A. Cuvillier has introduced a bill, making the sale of poisonous beverages a felony punishable by imprisonment for not less than five years and not more than ten. Mr. Cuvillier, who is an active wet, seeks to draw a justifiable distinction between the man who violates the prohibition law and the man who, in addition, sells as a beverage liquids which produce slow or sudden death. It is reported that a considerable number of drys in the Legislature are ready to back up their wet colleague's bill.

Such a law would greatly strengthen the hand of New York's new police commissioner, Grover A. Whalen, who has started a Carrie Nation campaign against speakeasies selling poisonous liquor and providing a meeting place for criminals. Under a recent decision of the courts the Commissioner is sending a strong-arm squad to smash up the furniture and fixtures of speakeasies which, after a warning, have continued to operate. The courts have held that such speakeasies are public nuisances and can be destroyed by the police.

Meanwhile Uncle Sam has sent representatives to Canada hoping to secure an agreement that the Canadian authorities would not clear through their customs liquor destined for the United States. It appears that Canada is unwilling to acceed to this request on the ground that the refusal of such clearance papers would turn the whole American frontier into a rendezvous for smugglers and the Dominion would have to spend millions of dollars on a patrol for her side of the line.

News from Washington reports that the President-elect is actively engaged in planning for his commission to investigate prohibition and that he hopes to select a group of men whose integrity and judgment cannot be challenged either by extreme wets or extreme drys. Mr. Hoover's commission may provide the country with an unassailable statement of what prohibition has accomplished or failed to accomplish. That is a large hope; but it is worth hanging on to until it has been tried and found wanting.

Judging the Future by the Past

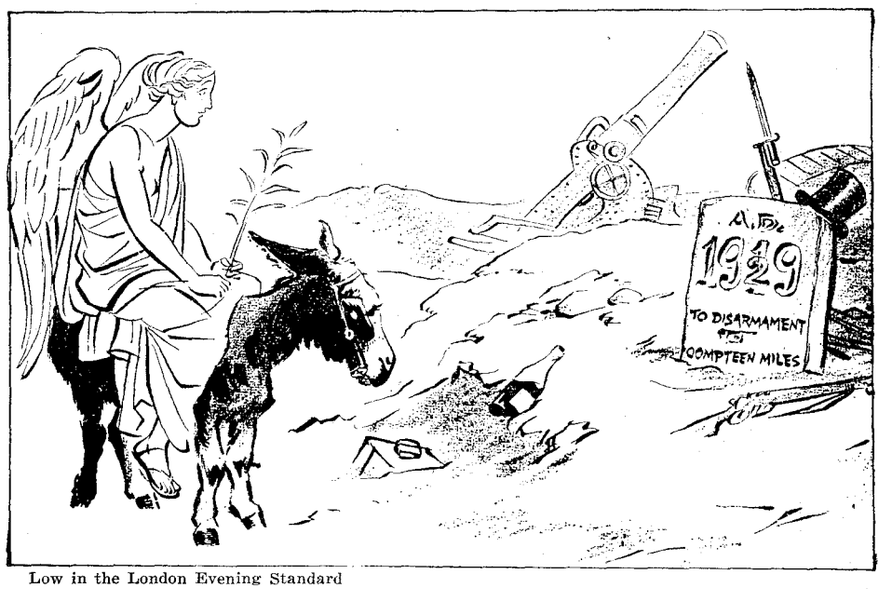
One Hundred Years Ago This Week

OUR ADMIRATION for the editors of a century ago is steadily increasing. The following editorial comment from the New York "Evening Post" of January 17, 1829, impresses us as further convincing evidence that blue laws were no more popular with them than with us:

"Not believing that pure and sincere religion will be promoted by this scrupulous and overstrict observance of Sunday we consider it quite justifiable to combat it in every shape that we think likely to bring down upon it the derision that it merits from the more thinking part of society, who do not suppose that it is necessary to bid common sense good night preparatory to attaining to a greater degree of sanctity than their fellowmen. The editor of the Boston Bulletin proposes to carry out this measure of stopping the mail every Sabbath day by stopping the interest on bonds and notes during the same period; which is no more than consistency would seem to require . . . . This proposal of stopping interest from running 52 days in the year seems more feasible, and is well calculated to put to the test the sincerity of those affected devotees who pretend to believe that the reading of a letter is a sin and a profanation of Sunday.

BUT THAT THE UNITED STATES should so early in history be accused of supporting Mexican revolutionists, we did not expect until in the same paper of January 23, 1829, we found the following:

"The intelligence from this country is not of a nature to give pleasure to those who have conceived high ideas of the future prospects of the Hispano-American governments. One of the factions into which the country is divided, succeeds in a contested election and its candidate is chosen president of the republic; the opposite party, instead of submitting tranquilly to the result as by the terms of the constitution they were bound to do, take up arms and seize the government into their own hands . . . . It were better for the country that it had remained under the dominion of Spain . . . . We observe that some of the letter writers accuse our Minister, Mr. Poinsett, of having an agency in effecting this insurrection. We are aware that the exiled Spaniards in this city complain bitterly of Mr. Poinsett, as having intermeddled with the politics of the Mexican republic and accuse him of being the author of all the injustice they have suffered. Still, we cannot believe that a citizen of the United States, holding the dignified station of our representative at the capital of another nation should have encouraged a step the immediate consequences of which are pillage and bloodshed and every kind of outrage, and the future consequences of which may be the destruction of Mexican Liberty."



Low in the London Evening Standard

PEACE (SADLY): "THIS LOOKS VERY LIKE THE POINT WE STARTED FROM"

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Beauty—and Power, Too

WHAT IS TO BE the fate of Niagara Falls has been a subject of dispute and struggle for years. Is that great cataract to be preserved for the continued wonder and delight of mankind, or is it to be allowed to dwindle that the water may be diverted for the production of electric power? Presumably we could not have it both ways. It has been proverbially impossible to have a cake and eat it too. Yet engineers have apparently provided a way by which this particular cake can be eaten for the generation of electric energy, and yet kept intact.

A convention between the United States and Canada has been signed to authorize the construction of works above the Falls which will deflect the currents from the shores to such parts of the Falls as would suffer from the diversion of water for power purposes as well as from the natural erosion of the crest-line. These works will consist of weirs beneath the surface of the water and will therefore remain unseen. It is expected that they will permit the diversion of 20,000 cubic feet a second in addition to what is already diverted without injury to the value of the Falls as a scenic wonder. The convention permits the temporary diversion of this amount of water to test the efficacy of the weirs as remedial works.

This convention is the result of a study of the subject by a board consisting of four members, two from the United States, two from Canada. One of these members is J. Horace McFarland, who has been one of the most vigorous advocates of the preservation of natural scenery from commercial encroachment, and in particular has been a watchful and aggressive defender of the Falls of Niagara. That fact of itself is assurance that the plan embodied in the agreement now signed between ourselves and our northern neighbor has been well scrutinized from the scenic point of view.

In one sense the struggle over the use of the Falls has been between two sets of commercial or materialistic interests. On the one side have been the interests which have seen the money-making possibilities of the unharnessed water-power. On the other side have been those interests which have seen the money-making value of the Falls as an attraction to tourists. But ultimately it is the noncommercial value of the Falls that has been the make-weight against their destruction for power purposes, for the tourists themselves have no interest in the Falls except as an object of natural beauty. It is not always that both sides can be as well content as they may be if this convention is finally ratified.

The Skaters' Game

ICE HOCKEY promises to become increasingly popular. Those who have been led to attribute the financial success of the new Madison Square Garden in New York solely to the genius of the late Tex Rickard and to boxing—both real and so-called—are doing the great Canadian game less than justice. Rickard's reputation was made outside the Garden, new or old. The glamour of Rickard's name in the sporting world (which is not to be confused with the world of sports) combined with the sentiment of men in the financial world who did not want to see the Garden as an institution disappear made the construction of the new Garden possible. But such boxing as Rickard put on would never have supported the new undertaking. It was Colonel John Hammond and his faith in hockey as a drawing card that put the venture on its feet.

The sport-loving public justified Colonel Hammond's faith. Hockey is one of the few professional games in which the public really has had faith despite ups and downs and occasional scandals. That faith lay in the nature of the game itself. In it there is speed and action all the time, splendid individual performances, plenty of chance for teamwork and practically every dramatic element that can be found in any game. Above all—as in that other Canadian game, lacrosse—there is rough, hard personal contact. The feeling generally prevails that even among professionals the game is on the square.

As a professional as well as an amateur game therefore hockey is growing in favor.

Remarkable Remarks

The world is bad, but it was never better. — REV. DR. MALCOLM JAMES MACLEOD.

We do not have to make the American people law-abiding, we only have to keep them law-abiding.—WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST.

The average New Yorker is safer in life, liberty and what have you than ever before.—MAYOR WALKER.

I admit the immense superiority of Americans in most things.—H. G. WELLS.

How wonderful it is to have leisure to lie down for half an hour and listen to the best radio program of the day.—MARIA JERITZA.

A man is like an egg. He can be kept in cold storage—but just a little intensive warmth and he is spoiled in a week.—HELEN ROWLAND.

I don't believe there is any such thing as card sense.—SIDNEY B. LENZ.

I have thought a great deal about the mind and there ain't no such animal.—JAMES HARVEY ROBINSON.

Poker is a grand game because it has nothing to do with understanding or learning the Abyssinian language or studying foreign discounts or anything at all.—WALTER B. PITKIN.

Islands from the Air

WHEN Captain Sir George Hubert Wilkins returns to civilization within the next few weeks cartographers must begin revising their maps of the Antarctic.

Flying out over Graham Land, which appears on contemporary maps as the northern portion of the Antarctic Continent, Wilkins found the supposed peninsula to be, instead, two large islands, separated from the mainland of Antarctica by a strait fifty or sixty miles wide. Plotting, charting, photographing, Wilkins reclaimed for science a huge area stretching from his base on Deception Island along the western coast of Weddell Sea over the glaciers and mountains of the twin land masses which he has renamed North Graham Island and South Graham Island, across the open water charted by him as Stefansson Strait, to the coast of the Antarctic continent.

Wilkins is returning with but half of his self-assigned program of exploration completed, but the remainder has been only postponed. Besides exploring Graham Land (which he did) he had hoped to fly across the 1,800 miles separating his camp from Ross Sea where the Byrd expedition is quartered. But even to Wilkins the plan seemed foolhardy in the light of his discoveries

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on Graham Land. Had he found it to be indeed the northern portion of the Antarctic Continent, an accident to his plane and a forced landing would still have left him and his pilot, Lieutenant Carl Ben Eielson, the opportunity of trekking back to their base on foot. But with Graham Land separated into two islands, and cut off again from the mainland of Antarctica, a descent would have meant nothing but eventual starvation.

Another year, Wilkins hopes to continue his operations from a base on the continent itself. He is returning now to confer with officials of the American Geographical Society, which sponsored his flight, and with William Randolph Hearst, who furnished the financial backing.

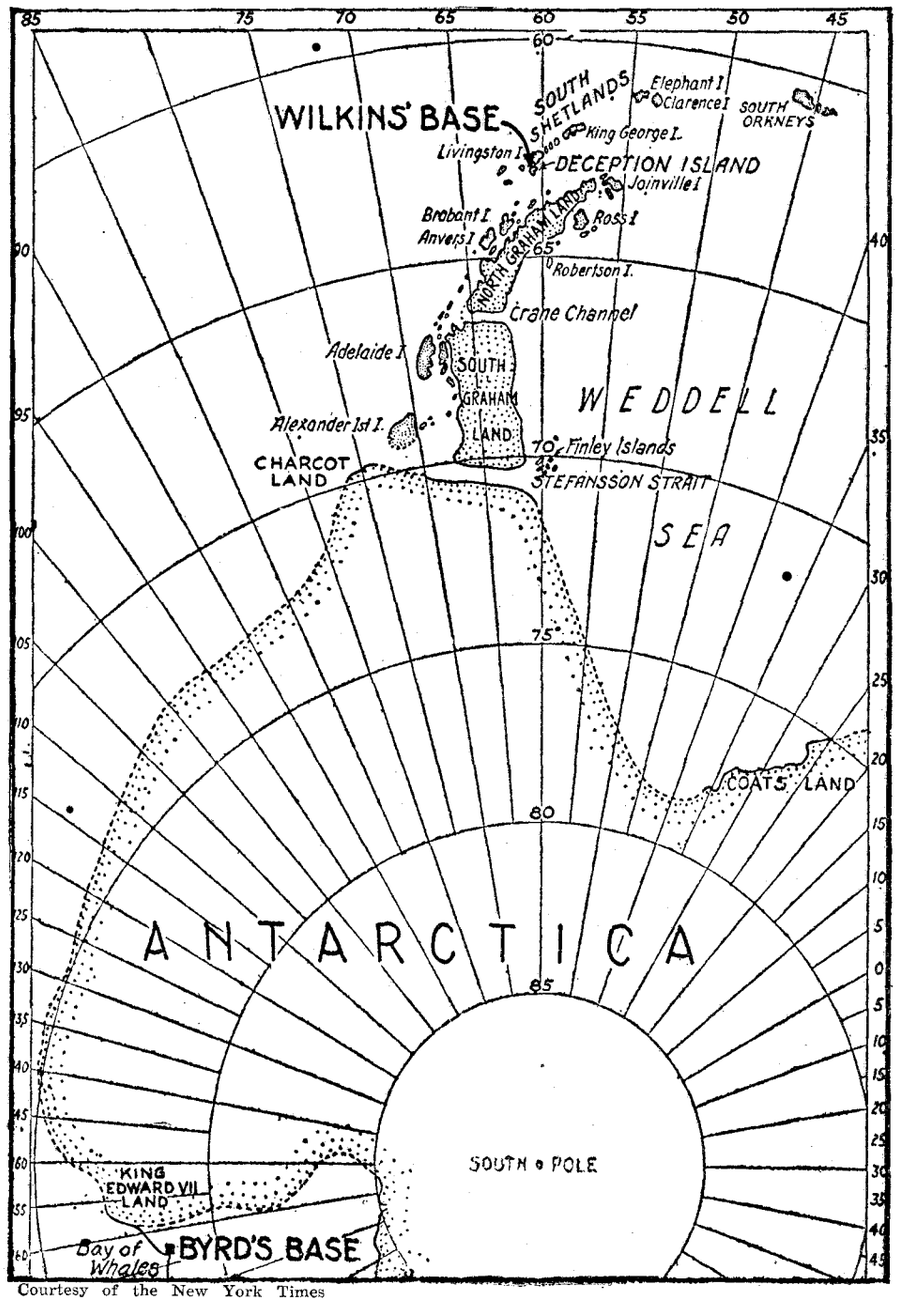
Besides his splendid contribution to geography, Wilkins's three months in the Antarctic will furnish valuable additions to the lore of flying in low temperatures. Taking off from a snow-covered runway on skis instead of wheels or pontoons requires a technique which only experience can develop. Motor care and delicate instruments also present their special problems. Wilkins and Lieutenant Eielson, as well as Commander Byrd, by careful, patient work are building toward the eventual perfection of aircraft as a safe and efficient means of exploring otherwise inaccessible areas.

▸▸*What a Plane Can Do*

No sooner had the Question Mark landed from its record-breaking endurance flight of 150 hours, forty minutes, and fifteen seconds above Southern California than plans were projected for nonstop, round-the-world flights. The Fokkers, who built the Question Mark, are considering one; Art Goebel, winner of the Dole air derby from Oakland to Hawaii and holder of the transcontinental nonstop record, has one in mind; even conservative Rear Admiral William A. Moffett, Chief of the Navy's Bureau of Aeronautics, speaks wistfully of spotting his airplane carriers at thousand-mile intervals to refuel a round-the-world plane in mid-Atlantic. And so the most obvious exploit suggested by refueling the Question Mark is already under consideration.

Sober judgment, however, suggests more practical developments from the success in refueling. Army officials point out that it will now be possible for planes to take off behind a front with heavy cargoes of war materials and light loads of gasoline, to be replenished in the air. Sustained combat will thus be feasible over land, and Admiral Moffett sees the same possibilities for planes at sea, refueled from other planes based on airplane carriers. So far as commercial flying is concerned, the refueling tests suggest that planes can give over valuable weight now allotted to gasoline to increased freight, mail, and passenger capacities. Flying time will be speeded, too, since a plane can take on extra fuel at practically any speed desired. Also, air hours for planes will be increased, since the wear and tear of frequent landings and take-offs will be lessened.

Some of these developments will doubtless lead to cheaper, more efficient commercial flying, but to us, the real significance of the Question Mark's flight seems to lie not in the fact that she was fed 550 gallons of gasoline a day for seven days to keep her aloft, but that her three Wright whirlwind motors functioned dependably during that time. The automobile was never a practical means of transportation until the old "get-out-and-get-under" era was succeeded by better motors which reduced mechanical difficulties to a minimum. Nor could aviation ever become practical or safe until perfection was approached in motor construction. The spectacular long-distance flights of the



Courtesy of the New York Times

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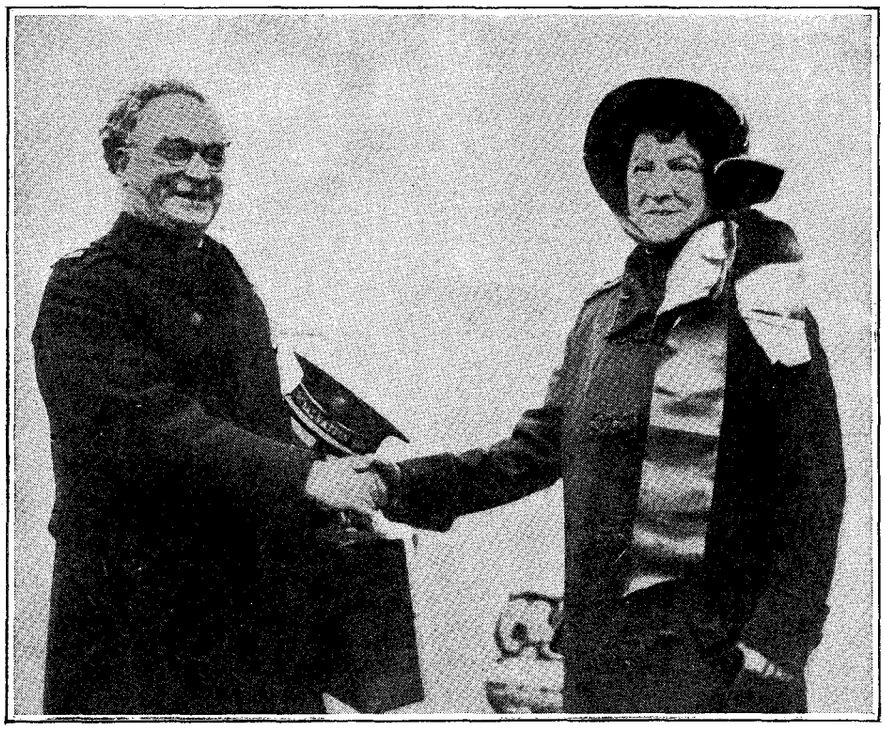

Wide World

COMMANDER BOOTH ARRIVES IN ENGLAND

Commander Evangeline Booth is greeted by Commissioner Napp on her arrival in Southampton for the High Council Meeting of the Salvation Army in Sunbury-on-Thames

past two years have been important chiefly because they afforded opportunities of testing the performances of motors at their utmost sustained strain and incidentally proving that a crew's endurance can still outlast a motor's. However interesting the refueling of the Question Mark, the real significance of her flight lies in the fact that for seven days her motors functioned almost perfectly and that when she was examined at the end of the flight, only a few repairs were needed to put her in condition for another long flight.

▶▶*Open Roads to Mexico*

THE MOST significant indication that Mexico is tending to be less and less suspicious of the United States and its intentions toward the Mexican people appears in the five-year road-building program adopted by the new Mexican administration of President Portes Gil.

According to Sanchez Mejorada, the engineer recently appointed as Minister of Communications, the plan is to spend $41,000,000 on road construction by 1934. A leading part of the plan is a project for a well-maintained automobile road from the border of the United States to the Guatemalan frontier. The financing of the public works contemplated is to be secured through a tax on gasoline used by automobiles and by a tax on tobacco. Thus fumes of all kinds are to be made to serve a useful purpose.

Not only Mexican automobile traffic and commercial traffic are to be fostered, but tourist traffic from the United States is to be encouraged by reducing customs duties and adjusting other frontier difficulties. So a period of increasing intercourse across the Southern border appears to be in sight.

▶▶*New Links with South America*

COUPLED WITH the Mexican road-building plan, routes both by land and by air give us hope of closer contact with our sister continent. The nations of Central and South America are studying carefully the possibilities of a highway from North America to the great centers of population in the Southern Continent, and a tentative route is already being studied as far south as Colombia.

Such an "all-America" route would not only tap vast areas of undeveloped land but would also serve as the basis for the development of airplane routes through areas without landing fields for planes or any supply depot.

Pending the development of such a road, Mr. Hoover's visit to South America has brought to the forefront the discussion of an air transport system along the East and West Coast of South America. Airplane service would bring Buenos Aires within seventy-two hours of Washington as against the twelve to fourteen days at present required.

▶▶*The Prospect in China*

THE NEW ORDER in China is apparently to secure recognition first from the Powers of the west and last from China's own neighbor, Japan.

It might have been expected that Orientals would take the lead in recognizing the fact that the largest of Eastern countries seems to have achieved unity, after years of internal strife, under the Nationalist administration at Nanking; but actually, the United States set the example by concluding a new commercial treaty with China.

Great Britain has lately followed suit, officially establishing diplomatic relations with the Nanking Government and signing a trade treaty embodying the principle of tariff autonomy for the Chinese. A salute of twenty-one guns from a British warship in the Yangtze River announced to the world the significant change of front. Belgium and Italy have agreed to rewrite their treaties with China, including modification of the extra-territorial privilege of a special legal status independent of the Chinese courts which hitherto their citizens have enjoyed. France is reported to be planning to adopt a similar policy.

Meanwhile, Manchuria has hoisted the Nationalist banner, thus officially joining the three huge provinces, beyond the Great Wall to the north, with the rest of China. Manchuria's action is the more noteworthy because the Japanese, who exercise an influence close to dominance in Manchurian affairs, are reluctant to see the Provincial Government at Mukden take such a step. And the new Chinese Nationalist party rulers have shown their confidence in their strength by setting about the immense task of reducing the country's great mass of mercenary soldiers, recruited during the civil wars, by two thirds, leaving a standing army of about 500,000 men.

The Chinese Nationalists have taken the first formal step toward assumption of complete tariff autonomy by announcing a new schedule of customs duties with an average increase of about twenty-five per cent. After the new

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tariff treaties, ten in all, which the Nanking Government has secured, only Japan refuses to recognize the schedule as legal. Tariff independence for China is scheduled to go into effect on February 1.

With the other Powers acquiescent, the stage in the Far East seems to be set for a crucial test of political strength between China and Japan.

▸▸Aggressive Democracy

IN VIEW OF THE ELECTION, many people have been wondering precisely what the future of the Democratic Party is to be. Franklin Roosevelt, now Governor of New York, has been finding out. A short time ago he wrote some 3,000 Democratic county leaders and their replies provide his answer.

"It can be stated as a fact, based on these actual answers of county leaders, that never before in the history of the Democratic Party, at least during the last twenty-five years, has there been shown so clearly a militant, aroused and aggressive determination to continue actively to fight not only with a view to the National election four years from now, but for the coming Congressional elections in 1930 as well, and to begin now unceasing and constant effort to place the Democratic Party in control of all branches of the Government at Washington.

"Bigotry; ignorance of Democratic principles; the spread by unspeakable and un-American methods of the most atrocious falsehoods; unfair and improper pressure brought to bear upon workers in specially favored Republican industries, false claims for the prosperity of the country and kindred propaganda, cheated, so my correspondents feel, our party out of the Presidency.

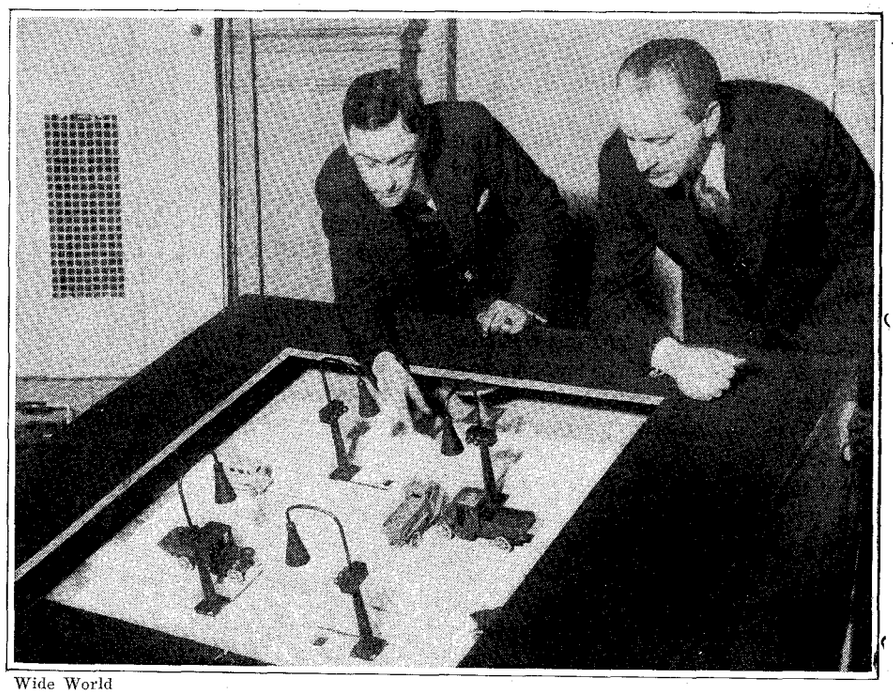
"It is not mere enthusiasm for the Democratic cause which is clearly expressed in these letters; it is a deep sense of anger and resentment at the methods employed against our candidate in the last campaign which has stirred our party from top to bottom, as I think it has never been stirred before, to set about and set about immediately, to make a repetition of such a dubiously earned victory impossible four years from now.

"The conviction of Abraham Lincoln that you cannot fool all of the people all of the time is expressed directly or by inference in practically every letter I have received as well as the firm belief that the intelligent spreading of the truth in regard to the principles and aims of the Democratic Party during the next four years will make victory possible for us in 1932."

▸▸A New Age of Alloys Impends

A MARKED STAGE—perhaps the most marked stage of all—in man's recent rapid transition from the Iron Age to the coming Alloy Age was reached when a new German alloy of tungsten, carbon and cobalt, nearly as hard as diamond and more costly pound for pound than gold, recently became available to the world's mechanical industries. Widia is the name of this product made by Krupps who have thus literally beaten the imperial German sword into a plow share, as machines for cutting or paring metal rapidly are simply a kind of plow which, like a farm plow, must only be harder than the element they cut in order to do their work.

It may be a little difficult for those not immediately concerned with the mechanical industries to sense the full import of such a discovery as this. To take but one aspect of the matter, many parts of motor cars, electrical machines, engines and the working parts of machines of a myriad of varieties are produced on rotating machines in which they are rotated and pared down to shape by means of a small edged tool of metal harder than they are. How rapidly this cutting may be done depends mainly upon the hardness of this tool. The new widia alloy is far harder than the finest material previously used. It cuts steel like cheese and ordinary materials at many times the lineal speed at present permissible. What this discovery will mean in terms of future output, for example, of motor-cars alone should be obvious—the machines which produce their parts will simply accomplish far more in the same length of time How any fortuitous combination of metals, no one of which is nearly as hard as the resulting alloy can possess almost the hardness of the diamond can be explained accurately only in technical terms, but it can be hinted at simply by saying that the molecules of one component metal get in between those of the companion metals in such a way that they lock together far more perfectly than they do with those of their own kind. A similar case is furnished by two well-known forms of carbon; the difference between the diamond and soft graphite is simply that in the one each molecule is locked to each of its neighbors while in the other they are not well locked. Widia may soon give the knockout blow to iron cutting-tools and usher in the new Age of Alloys within the decade.



Wide World

AN ELECTRIC EYE FOR TRAFFIC DELAYS

A new system of automatic traffic control may eliminate unnecessary waiting for traffic signals: A delicate photo-electric cell which is sensitive to the shadow of an approaching automobile operates the signal lights

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The Theatre

By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

ONE of the difficulties which the sensitive artist has to overcome is the fact that usually he is more poignantly affected by human tragedy than are the people who are involved in it. The imaginative person often suffers unnecessarily over the woes of his friends. And particularly is this true when the sensitive artist takes to viewing the unhappiness and tragedy of what might be called the lower classes. In other words, tragedy is a relative thing.

All of which observations are inspired (if that is the word) by Elmer Rice's new play, "Street Scene," wherein is presented all the very realistic tragedy that inhabits a broken-down brown-stone front somewhere on Manhattan Island at about Number 346. If we remember rightly, Mr. Rice's "Adding Machine" was a view of the tragedy of the ordinary man caught in business—and presented a more unhappy view of him than most of the wage slaves whom we know have ever held of themselves. The same thing is true of "Street Scene." Very little of the cheerfulness of the poor, of the gaiety and pleasant humanity which lie so close beneath the surface in New York—very little of this aspect of life is present. A great deal of the misery and despair and what might be called the poignant aspect of life—a great deal of this is brought out.

The result is an almost depressing and yet oddly realistic portrayal of human nature. Absolutely nothing in the play seems out of character or exaggerated. The reality of life is reproduced down to the last puff of smoke in the janitor's pipe, the final dab of paint on the street girl's face, the minutest details of music lessons, broken windows, ashcans, construction signs, New Yorkese and the medley of ideas, passions, ambitions and despairs which are common to any mixed group of people.

And yet somehow the final conviction of reality seems lacking. It is like a book of excellent photographs taken and presented by an artist and commented on with extreme shrewdness and expression by a tender-hearted and keen writer. But when all is said and done, it *is* a book of photographs, and the comments are the comments of a writer. The volume is not life itself.

This is as close as we can come to expressing the curious effect produced upon us by Elmer Rice's new play, with its very simple story of unhappy marriage, of adultery and finally of murder in a brown-stone front—the whole seen from the outside.

When realism must be presented down to the last ash barrel, and the colloquialisms of the street must be reproduced with Victrola-like fidelity, not much time is left for the development of genuine ideas. So that perhaps to quarrel with Mr. Rice for not making clearer the unquestionably genuine idea in his play is to quarrel not with his idea, but with his method.

FOR THEIR IS an idea and a philosophy in "Street Scene," even though there is no proof given of any experience whereby the heroine who voices it could possibly have divined it. The mystery of life, its riddle, is incessantly propounded by inference and by dialogue throughout the first two acts. And then in the third the daughter of the man who has just killed his wife (the girl's mother) in a fit of primitive jealousy over her note-collector lover—this girl gives Mr. Rice's answer.

In brief, there is a difference between loving and possessing, between giving and belonging. The possessive instinct is the curse of humanity, particularly when it appears in the guise of love and marriage. This girl has seen her mother killed because her father considered that marriage gave her to him as a possession. She herself will go through life—one gathers—belonging to no one but herself, trying forever not to hold any one else as a possession, but loving unselfishly, endeavoring always to give and never to own, to set free, not to imprison.

As phrased in the vernacular by Mr. Rice's character, it is a most simple and moving statement of a very deep and genuine philosophy; and, for us at least, as an answer to the tragic problems of "Street Scene" and perhaps of life itself, seemed to be inclusive of as much truth as any single statement can be expected to be.

Why then is "Street Scene" so depressing?

Frankly, we don't know—unless it is that one statement of belief is never sufficient to overcome three acts of realistic despair. We should like to see Elmer Rice write us a play that would apply to human life the philosophy he has expressed. If he doesn't do something like that soon, we are afraid that we will forget what he has said in "Street Scene" and will find ourselves turning once more to musical shows in order to forget that there is any problem of existence whatever.

In all the welter, nevertheless, one thing must not be lost sight of: And this is the superb direction Elmer Rice has given his own play. Most plays such as "Street Scene" are constructed realistically enough until the dramatic moment comes, whereupon realism departs and melodrama arrives. The playwright, reaching for his climax, strains too hard the lines which hold him to life.

The very opposite is true in this instance. The climax of the play with the street mob outside the tenement wherein the murder is taking place is so magnificently conceived and directed that where melodrama ordinarily appears, there comes this time the very stuff of life itself. You are no longer witnessing a play. You are out on the street once more and the murder is actually taking place. To our mind this scene is one of the greatest triumphs of realistic writing and acting we have ever witnessed.

INCIDENTALLY, no more complete antithesis to "Street Scene" could be found than the crowd of romantic, costumed musical plays with which Broadway is being flooded. And of these, "Under the Red Robe" is by no means the most negligible, despite the reappearance once more of all Harry B. Smith's old stage tricks and situations and slapstick comedy. A good plot is always a good plot, and it takes more than musical comedy librettists to spoil the artistic work of a man like Stanley Weyman. It is the book all over again with very fair music and some of the most entertaining moments presented this season.

Seeing it makes one wish for Gilbert and Sullivan once more to dish us up our problems with gaiety instead of despair.

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The Movies

"A Romance of the Underworld"

By A. M. SHERWOOD, Jr.

HERE IS another excellent "program" picture, directed by Irving Cummings (who made "Dressed to Kill") and featuring Mary Astor, John Boles, Ben Bard, Oscar Apfel and Robert Elliott. We make mention of each of these performers because each deserves it, although Robert Elliott ran away with the show.

"A Romance of the Underworld" is based on the old Paul Armstrong play of that name and relates the canny and successful efforts of a benevolent police lieutenant to prevent the blackmailing of a young wife and mother with a past. The helpful cop is played by Mr. Elliott and we can sincerely say that his performance is worth going a long way to see.

Don't forget, however, as you watch him, that these agreeable bits of acting are not infrequently due to a clever director. Tie Elliott's work in with all the other good things in this picture, and you'll be not unlikely to reach a conclusion arrived at some time ago by this department: that Irving Cummings will one day direct a picture that shall land him among the Movie immortals. What he seems to have is the propensity for doing things right, instead of doing them wrong. If this statement strikes you as too obscure, go to see "A Romance of the Underworld" and you will (we venture to predict) get our meaning perfectly.

You'll also have a very good time.

"The Awakening"

VILMA BANKY, as gifted and as physically substantial as ever, is given for her first starring vehicle this story of Alsace-Lorraine in war-time. It's very poignant and *very* Hollywood. Sex rears its ugly head, and is promptly scotched in the approved Will Hays manner; Louis Wolheim appears as a character named Louis Wolheim and gives his usual fine performance, brutal in life—heroic in death; a handsome but not colorful actor named Walter Byron, from England, woos Miss Banky less entertainingly than Ronald Coleman was wont to do it; there are waddling geese, chiming church bells, bursting shells, close-ups of machine gunners —and there you are.

Added to the above objections (for they *are* objections), there is the matter of insufficiently lighted scenes. Just what is gained by these misty, moisty effects that couldn't be better achieved by permitting the audience to see something of the picture is as obscure to us as are the effects themselves. Murnau started it all and Murnau, who understands weird lighting effects, should be permitted the exclusive use thereof.

The Low Down on Movie Critics

IN THE "American Mercury" for January appears an article by Leda V. Bauer on movie critics. It is to be found, ironically enough, in the department headed "Arts and Sciences."

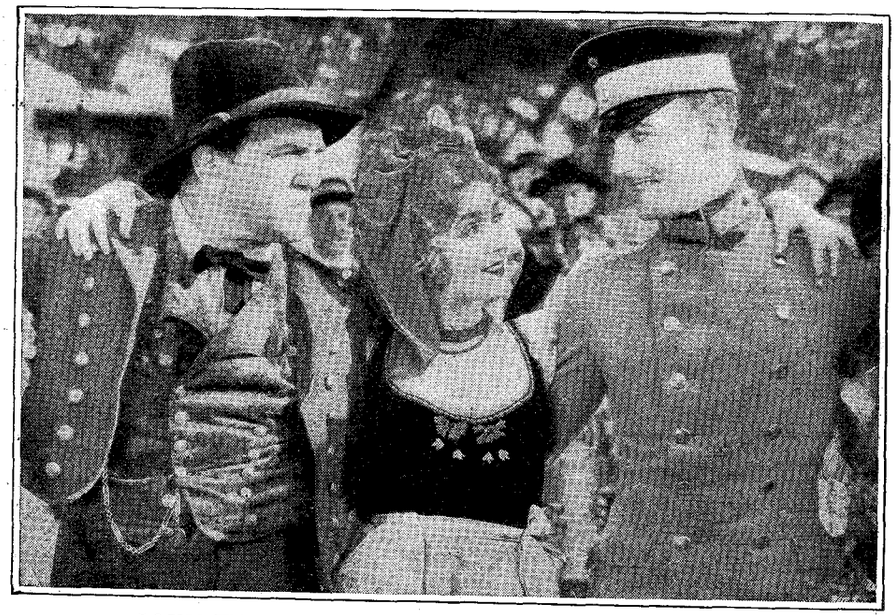
It is the expressed conviction of Leda V. Bauer that the average reviewer of cinema offerings is in the business for one purpose, and that a fell one: the relentless exaction of bribes from movie people. These range in character from the cast-off evening dress of Dolores Costello to the purchase of worthless manuscripts at high prices by cowering scenario editors.

So terrorized are the film folk at the thought of a bad notice, that they will lure an unfriendly critic to Hollywood with the promise of a big job at a fancy salary, only to ditch him again as soon as his former job has been filled by a more tractable successor.

We don't dispute Miss (or is it Mrs? Bauer's statements for a moment. What we want to know is, where was this department when all the gravy was being passed around? Right here and now we serve notice that if these flicker favorites want any more flattering comments out of us we'll have to be bribed, and bribed right. Personal calls, trips through studios and 8 x 10 Christmas cards don't go, or signed photos, either. It makes us pretty darn mad. Here we've been sitting dumbly by while our astuter contemporaries blackmailed their way to affluence, right under our nose.

To return to Leda V. Bauer: she is further disposed to the view that, failing the opportunity to be flattering to his or her meal-ticket, the movie critic is consciously noncommittal. As an exception she lists Charles Brackett, who is known to us only as the theatre reviewer of the "New Yorker," and whose movie criticisms must appear in some periodical to which only Leda V. Bauer has access. She states also that no journal of opinion has as yet installed a department of motion-picture criticism. The Outlook and Independent, a journal of opinion, sells for fifteen cents on the newsstands, and contains many interesting articles by writers who get their facts straight.

It also prints movie criticisms.



LOUIS WOLHEIM, VILMA BANKY AND WALTER BYRON
In "The Awakening," a story of Alsace-Lorraine in war-time

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Fever or Foresight?

By PAUL ABBOTT

The amazing bull market of the past few years has set more than fourteen million Americans to scanning the stock quotations anxiously every night. Mr. Abbott, who is an associate in the New York Stock Exchange firm of Watson and White, discusses some of the forces which have sent common stocks skyrocketing and seeks an answer to the question of whether the amazing orgy of buying is merely fever or shrewd foresight

THE VOLUME of trading and the rapidly advancing prices on the New York Stock Exchange and to a lesser extent on the other large security exchanges of the country have caused much to be written in the past few months about the speculative fever now sweeping the country. It has been repeatedly stated that the public at large is buying stocks without knowledge of the intrinsic value or the earning power of the particular corporations of which they thus become partial owners, that these purchases are being made only with the idea of reselling at a higher price to others similarly motivated and that necessarily the end men in the line will be left holding the bag when the bubble inevitably bursts. Part of this would appear sound and part unsound.

It has been estimated that, before the War, trading in stocks was limited to some half million people resident in and about New York and the larger cities of the country. In fifteen years conditions have changed so that fifteen million people are now thought to be interested in the market. This is the result of many causes. The Liberty Loan campaign opened the eyes of millions to the fact that there were securities called bonds and that money could be kept in other places besides the savings bank or under the mattress. Later the Allied Governments distributed large volumes of their securities throughout the country.

The last ten years, with the exception of 1921, have been generally prosperous beyond any previous conception and have left the country with a larger surplus for investment than ever before. Many of the larger corporations have sold stock to their employees on a partial payment plan with the idea of allowing them some share in the profits which they help to create and with the hope of thus bringing about a better understanding between capital and labor. At the same time various leading gas and electric light companies have considered it advantageous to place small quantities of their securities with their customers in the hope of improving their mutual relationship.

Since the War hundreds of companies, theretofore owned by a family or at least privately controlled in their own localities, have been publicly financed and the corporations' securities listed on some exchange, or the local company has been absorbed by a larger National unit whose stock is quoted. Now that the New York Stock Exchange ticker quotations are available at reasonable cost throughout the country, the trader in Iowa or Arizona can buy or sell with practically as much facility as the man whose office is on Wall or Broad Street. These and other factors, together with advancing prices, have built up the existing public interest in the security markets.

Basically this transition is sound and the trend may reasonably be expected to continue upward. Trading in corporate securities is economically correct, and the rules and regulations of the leading exchanges of the country are designed to afford security purchasers, large or small, maximum protection.

HOWEVER, in so rapid a growth there naturally are maladjustments. Many people are frankly speculating and often beyond their means and without adequate information on which to base their judgments. In the smoking rooms of Pullmans, talk largely centers on the stock market. In the subways of New York, office boys and clerks, who, a year or two ago, would have been reading the sporting news, can be seen every night anxiously scanning the day's closing bid and asked quotations, usually with particular interest in the lower priced and more speculative issues. It is undoubtedly true that during the past year many have found it so easy to make money on the New York Stock Exchange that they are neglecting their legitimate businesses for speculation.

It seems likely that as prices rise flurries such as occurred in the market at the end of last November and the first part of December will recur perhaps even more drastically. These market dips will tend to correct this situation as it will teach the amateur trader the folly of purchasing stocks on anything but value, earnings and reasonable prospects and that it is unwise even to purchase the good stocks without sufficient capital to hold them through temporary depressions.

Common stocks are the vogue. It is difficult for a banker today to interest his customers in the old-fashioned straight preferred stock. The American investor has observed that in most cases when a company gets into difficulties the preferred stockholders suffer as well as the owners of the common stock, while, if the company goes well, the common stockholders benefit but the return to the holder of the preferred stock is strictly limited to a predetermined dividend.

In other words the present-day feeling seems to be that in the very nature of things a stockholder, regardless of his class, takes a reasonable business risk and if he is only a preferred stockholder he takes this risk without the compensating opportunity which the common stockholder has of benefiting very largely should the company's business develop favorably. As a result a large proportion of the new securities which have been offered to the public in recent years have been in the form of a preferred stock, either convertible into the common stock of the corporation at the option of the holder on a stated basis, or carrying a certain amount of common stock as a bonus, or warrants allowing the holder thereof to purchase common stock at a reasonable figure.

LOOKING OVER the range of prices of the better common stocks on the New York Stock Exchange for the year 1928 one sees that many have doubled in value, some have gone up 100 or 200 points and several as much as 300. The obvious conclusion is that the stocks of established companies in relatively stable lines of business cannot be worth two, three or even four times what they sold at a year ago and that such prices cannot represent real

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values, but must be the result of "speculative fever" and that accordingly a day of drastic reckoning is sure to come.

There have been, however, in the period since the War, certain fundamental changes in our economic system which to a large extent explain and justify the much higher prices at which the common stocks of our *leading* industrial companies are now selling. Most of the companies listed on the New York Stock Exchange are predominant in their respective lines of business and the existing tendency is for all business to concentrate itself into large units.

THIS IS EVIDENT in every direction, banks are combining, railroads are merging, corporations in kindred lines of business are uniting, chain store merchandising is rapidly developing and constantly reaching out into new lines of endeavor. The small grocer is having increasing difficulty, the local druggist is strongly feeling the competition of the chain store. A great merger of department stores has only recently taken place. Mail order houses are opening retail stores in every sizeable community. The number of manufacturers of automobiles is constantly decreasing and it seems likely that the business will eventually be controlled by not more than three or four companies.

Every year thousands of individual shopkeepers, merchants and manufacturers are being driven to the wall by the competition of the big companies. This concentration of power into a few strong hands is rapidly going on and its exponents justify the movement by pointing out that, generally speaking, people at large are able to purchase the product of these larger companies at lower prices than heretofore. The small man finds it increasingly difficult if not impossible to meet their competition, which means in the final analysis that the American people are rapidly becoming a race of employes rather than of independent individualists. Whether in the long run this saving to the consumer will compensate for the change which seems sure to result in the point of view and character of the American people, only time will tell.

What is the outlook for the high-priced stocks of these leading industrial companies over the period of the next few years? In attempting to answer this question one must bear in mind that the United States is far and away the largest free trade area in the world with any density of population. Our country is blessed with natural resources of nearly every kind to a greater extent than any similar portion of the earth's surface. We have a homogeneous population which has been educated to the use of the same sort of merchandise, our people are enterprising and audacious and the country's resources are much further from full development than are those of the European countries. Another contributing factor to our prosperity is the fact that we enjoy a stable and liberal form of government and the people as a whole are satisfied with existing conditions politically, socially and economically.

With a background of this sort, it is only natural that industry should prosper, particularly our larger corporations. They can afford to employ the keenest and best equipped executives available, they are able to carry on extensive research and to buy new and better machinery as it is developed. They enjoy better credit, because of this and because of the magnitude of their purchases of materials they are able to secure considerably better prices than their small competitors. Their factories cover the country and accordingly they distribute their goods more cheaply and more rapidly than the individual manufacturer with only one unit. They secure as directors men of experience and proven ability. Their greater sales outlets throughout the country mean that they get more value from a National advertising campaign than a concern in a similar line of business doing a smaller volume, in other words their advertising cost per unit of sales should normally be lower. In addition these large companies enjoy tremendous prestige and public confidence.

SPECIFICALLY, let us consider the Radio Corporation of America, whose stock was probably more in the public eye during 1928 than that of any other corporation, having sold last year as low as $85.25 a share and as high as $420. It has just been announced that this stock is to be split up five shares for one and the new stock at the time of writing is selling around $76 a share on a when issued basis. The Corporation has also just announced that it will take over the business of the Victor Talking Machine Company through an exchange of stock. What justification can there be for this stock which sold as recently as 1926 at $32 a share rising to over $400?

Radio Corporation of America is the leader in an absolutely new field of activity, the surface of which has in all probability been barely scratched. Among other activities it is developing commercial communication by wireless telegraph, broadcasting, the invention, improvement, exploitation and sale of radio apparatus. It owns exclusive patents to the new low beam wireless which is expected to revolutionize the communication business of the world. Constant progress is being made in the art of transmitting pictures, documents and other facsimile matter by radio and in all probability radio television is not many years away. In fact Mr. Sarnoff, vice president of the company, recently stated that in his estimation radio television broadcasting may be an every-day occurrence within five years. The corporation is working on the synchronization of films with speech. It owns many basic patents and enjoys a considerable income from their lease to manufacturers on a royalty basis. The company's officers and directors include many of the leading electrical and financial minds of the country.

ITS EARNINGS based on the old capitalization of 1,155,400 shares of common stock are rapidly mounting. The last published figures show that the company earned for the nine months ended September 30, 1928, $7.54 a share as compared with $2.69 for the same period of 1927, an increase of between 250 and 300 per cent. It has been estimated that the company will probably show around $12 per share for the full year 1928, which compares with $6.15 per share in 1927, $2.85 in 1926 and 12 cents in 1925. To appreciate the real increase in 1928 it should be pointed out that $1,300,000 of the income reported for 1927 consisted of royalties received from past damages so that the actual operating earnings per share for 1927 were only $5.02. In the radio field we find the same tendency toward consolidation. A leading manufacturer of radio tubes told the writer that there were approximately 200 manufacturers of his product two years ago and only about twenty today.

These facts about the position and prospects of the Radio Corporation of America have not been written with the idea of influencing any one to purchase

(*Please Turn to Page 155*)

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"—If You Know What I Mean"

By WALTON MORTON

ALONG with the efforts of the electric companies to teach kindergarten children the benefits of private ownership and the evils of public ditto, we have a new outfit embarking on the corral-'em-young theory. Its vehicle is "The Scholastic—A National Magazine for the Schoolroom," and the propagandizers in question are none other than the advertising firm of Barton, Durstine & Osborn, Inc.

Hearken to the opening paragraphs of their appeal to the National tot-mind in "The Scholastic" for November last:

"The aim of business is to have people buy merchandise, as opposed to selling it to them. When they buy as a matter of choice and without urging, the only other details are to make and deliver; but to sell involves a costly process which either eats up profits or imposes a high cost on the consumer.

"To illustrate, soap which the public buys from choice costs less than 10 cents a cake and nets a handsome profit. Soap of practically the same quality for which there is no demand costs anywhere from 25 cents to $1.00 a cake.

"Up to the present the only force which can bring about this condition of universal acceptance is advertising."

Here are certainly some neat assumptions for a teacher of Third B to mull over with the children. Take one more statement from this little sermon and then survey the findings:

"If people bought instead of forcing the insurance company to sell life insurance, the cost would be lowered materially . . . . Advertising costs the consumer nothing . . . ."

We have then the teacher instructing the little ones as follows:

1. If a salesman tries to sell you soap, life insurance, or anything else, you are being urged to buy.

2. If an advertisement tries to sell you soap, life insurance, or anything else, you are not being urged to buy. You are, on the other hand, "buying as a matter of choice."

3. If an insurance company pays its salesmen 10 cents for every dollar of premiums brought in, the consumer has to pay the bill.

4. If a Listerine manufacturer pays an advertising percentage of 10 cents for every dollar in Listerine sales, it costs the consumer not a sou.

5. When you read in a malted milk advertisement: "Go to your dealer and buy a package,"—well, according to the Barton, Durstine & Osborn teachings, any pupil who considered that this meant "being urged" would be sent from the room immediately.

6. Any child who "reaches for a Lucky instead of a sweet" and then denies that he has acted entirely as a "matter of choice" will flunk the course. Persisting, he will become ineligible for the Boy Scouts of America and kicked out of the school.

In general, it seems to me that Mr. Durstine's arguments before the adult readers of "The Forum" have been somewhat less exuberant and reckless than these conclusions vouchsafed the youth of "The Scholastic." Perhaps, though, that I do Mr. Durstine an injustice: perhaps it is Mr. Barton who is appealing to the very, very young.

BUT why shouldn't we, if it's a fair question, be permitted to squander an extra 40 cents occasionally on an unadvertised cake of soap? A man who couldn't afford the maximum in a schooner-yacht or a country estate might at least be allowed to possess himself once in a while of the most expensive cake of soap in the world. Myself, I once owned a ten-dollar linen handkerchief and let me tell you I used to curl the lip at every raccoon coat or imported car on the street. But that is beside the point.

The trouble with advertising, as I see it, is that it practically eliminates any pleasant vagaries or surprises in the various things one buys. A man knows all about an article before he ever sees it, eats it, or wears it. Instead of being a shrewd judge of merchandise, he must become a shrewd judge of advertising. Try to imagine a conversation like this today, between, let us say, a host and his guest:

"Elegant cigarettes you have here, George. Don't know as I've ever run across them before."

"Yes, they suit me very well. I get 'em through a friend of mine. Come from some queer little old shop in New York. Fact is, he won't tell me where."

"Queer name, all right: 'C-a-m-e-l.' Well, you're to be congratulated. Next time you're stocking up, order a thousand for me. Ha! You always were a great one for odd bits like that."

"Well, a fellow likes to have something a little bit different, if you know what I mean . . . ."

"I noticed too that you have some soap upstairs there that *floats*. Fancy!"

"Yes, sir, I spent years rummaging around after that soap. Fellow told me one time on a train that he'd once seen soap like that—or heard about it, I believe it was. I had the devil's own time running it down. Asked everywhere—never heard of it—and finally a cousin of mine found some in a little town in western Pennsylvania. I've been getting it there ever since."

The gentle art of testimonial-gathering continues, the latest convert to the dear-doctor-for-years-I-was-troubled school of advertising being the distinguished publisher, Mr. Alfred A. Knopf. Mrs. Jerome Bonaparte is the Knopf witness and in the pages of the "American Mercury" she comes forward to swear that she gets an awful kick out of the "Borzoi Books." The authority whereby she vouchsafes her remarks to "Mercury" readers, according to Mr. Knopf, lies in the fact that she is "prominent in Newport and Palm Beach Society."

PROFESSIONAL wrestling in this country is just about as dead as professional foot racing for side bets. Both pastimes, it seems, are highly susceptible of "rigging" or "fixing," and the extremely shady past of the former "sport" has given a heavy chill to many erstwhile enthusiasts.

A "championship" wrestling title today is worth about 15 cents cash in any up-and-coming community. A "championship" bout in St. Louis, Chicago or New York today would attract about 1,500 weary fans who had nothing else to do.

It is, accordingly, amusing to read that "Boston's Largest Indoor Sporting Crowd"—20,000 canny New Englanders, to be exact—recently turned out to see Gus Sonnenberg and "Strangler" Lewis go through some thirty-nine minutes of hauling and leaning. If it hadn't conflicted with the Radio Story Time Hour, I daresay another 20,000 or so would have been there to cheer.

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Polo—and Some Forecasts

By HERBERT REED
(Right Wing)

FASTER, better and tighter polo is materializing as the teams swing into their stride, and it remained for New York Squadron A's Class A team, and the trio from West Point, made up of equitation and polo instructors, to put on the best game of the season in the Squadron armory the other night. The match, won by the West Pointers, served to introduce for the season one Captain Charles H., better known as "Chick," Gerhardt, and judging by the performance he gave at No. 2 for the West Point officers, he is to rank along with Jerry Smith as one of the big attractions of the season. Not that Gerhardt's play is anything like a novelty to followers of the galloping game. Simply that the former quarterback and all-round athlete seems to be in better and craftier form than he has been in any previous season. He had young Lieutenant Jadwin, who made a reputation in Junior championship polo, out in front of him, and was supported by Major J. N. Caperton, one of the best No. 3's in the indoor arena. This combination looks like the one that is best suited for the big games yet to come, for it worked like a charm, Gerhardt directing the team, and all three displaying the sort of stickwork that counts so heavily when all other things are about equal.

Considering the type of the opposition, the Squadron team looked more than merely good. The new line-up had the indefatigable Matthews out front, with Jackson at No. 2 and Bancroft at No. 3. Thus the New Yorkers are getting that support from the graduate college players upon which they have been building for the future of their Class A teams. Jackson, the first time out with the blue-shirted Squadron team, was perhaps not yet quite up to his best form, but it is quite apparent that he will plug up the No. 2 position in handsome fashion later in the season. Matthews is always the same, save upon those occasions when he has a flash of real genius, and his customary game is pretty nearly always at a high standard. With Bancroft turning in a game that was even a bit better than usual, the new combination looks excellent.

The New York Athletic Club also swung into action with what promised to be the making of another first-class team, although not yet in Class A. This first appearance of the Winged Foot trio found Roland Gsell at No. 1, Bud Crossman at No. 2 and F. H. Hennessy playing back. This trio is still very much in the embryonic stage, but should be heard from later. In the meantime, the Brooklyn Riding and Driving Club showed more of its versatility by sending out a trio made up of H. Davenport at No. 1, B. L. Spence, one of the few left-handers, at No. 2 and the heavyweight but speedy Carl Pflug in the No. 3 position. Pflug's power is effectively used in this position, although his regular post is at No. 1. However, he is not needed there just now on the Class A line, since the old-time championship team has rallied around Jerry Smith with Parsons at No. 1, Gerard Smith in the pivot position and Warren Sackman at back.

THERE WILL BE plenty of gnashing of teeth in the ranks of Harvard graduates as the result of William Bingham's announcement that in the future, the immediate future at least, there will be even fewer tickets than before available for them when they want to take a look at the Crimson football team, inasmuch as President Lowell has not seen his way clear to the building of a new stadium or double-decking the old one. Bingham also made it plain that the Crimson was committed to the policy of continuing the plan of putting on football for the players rather than the graduates. This was a tribute to the coaching of Arnold Horween. As Bingham put it, Horween had undertaken to stage offensive football at Harvard. To the outside observer it seemed that Horween this season had been able to teach a great deal of defense as well. However, there is evidence that the players themselves took kindly to the lateral pass and other attacking measures. The very fact that the passing game has to be developed throughout a full season of practice undoubtedly has added to the interest of the players. Much as it is practiced, there is little drudgery in passing, and it must be admitted that under Haughton the practice was something of a grind.

More than once the players have left the field with a sigh, regretting that having finished with "Practice A" one week they had nothing in prospect but "Practice B" the following week. Under the new régime almost anything can happen from week to week. Horween brought with him some of the radicalism of the Zuppke type of football, but did not quite forget some of the more conservative training of his own earlier days at Harvard.

THERE seem to be more loopholes in the French attitude toward professional tennis than in the American point of view. The French Federation, in opening the way wide for the wanderers who consorted for a time with C. C. Pyle, promoter, has gone much further than the American body. In a word, the culprits, Paul Feret, Mlle. Lenglen and our own Mary Browne and Vincent Richards, have only to ask reinstatement in French tennis in order to get it. Here again are the prospects of international complication, for there seems to have been no further progress toward joint international action or, for that matter, even concurrent international action.

Few close followers of rowing were surprised when it became known that William Lightbowne would be lost to the crew this year. Lightbowne has been advised by physicians to give up rowing for at least a year. He has done his share for the eight, and will be remembered for a long time to come as one of the blue and white's best oars. Lightbowne, a heavy, but rangy chap, had a style that was as close to perfection as anything seen since the days of Sanborn. If rowing in an eight can be called an art, and Walter Pater was right in maintaining that all art approached the condition of music, then the tall Columbian approached as close to music in his work as music can be played with a sweep more than twelve feet in length. One hears a great deal about the stroke oar, less about the No. 7 and practically nothing at all about the men in the waist of the shell, but those who understand the technique of the sport know finished work no matter where they see it. Happy the coach who has the waist of the boat well taken care of before he has to send the eight out on the water.

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Ivory, Apes and Peacocks

By W. R. BROOKS

A VISIT to Bloomingdale's the other day disclosed to us a number of things which should interest you. As for instance shower-bath curtains of rubberized rayon, with one of those under-sea designs of seaweed and starfish and grisly octopi and shoals of pleasant looking little fish. The curtains come in several colors, and you can also get hampers to match them made of *papier mâché* and covered with the same design. If anything could mitigate for us the tortures of a cold shower, we think it might be one of these curtains.

Then we saw some beverage sets from Italy: bottles covered with straw, like Chianti bottles, but with, on one side, a sort of pocket in the glass into which you put cracked ice to keep the contents cold, and on the other a glass spout for pouring; and tall glasses the lower halves of which are also covered with straw, so that you can set them down on polished mahogany without fear of leaving rings. We forgot to say that the ice pocket in the bottle has a cork.

There were some wrought iron tables, about eighteen inches high, the tops of which, about a foot square, were made of small square tiles of various colors. Some of the tables were equipped with glass holders at the sides. We like these tile tops for tables because we don't see how anything short of wood alcohol could take the finish off.

Also of wrought iron, in green bronze or a sort of aluminum finish, were plant stands, designed to hold unobtrusively at different heights three flower pots.

Another thing that we don't quite know how to describe was an English breakfast set—Homestead ware we think was the name of it—a two-man set, that is, two cups, plates, egg-cups and so on, in light green, stippled with dark green in a sort of oatmeal effect. Does that mean anything to you? Anyway it's very good looking, and comes also in several other colors.

THE BRILLO COMPANY has got out a holder to which you can attach the pads of steel wool when you're scouring the pots and pans. It is square, of rubber the size of the pads, on the tops is a handle, on the bottom a sort of safety pin which you run through the pad and fasten, and which holds it tight. Our own experience with steel wool is limited but we do know that it has a habit of getting slivers in your hands.

WE HAVE SEEN a portable lock-stitch sewing machine which we think is new. It has a General Electric motor in its base, an electric light, and comes in blue, green or rose enamel. In the case it measures only 13 by 10 by 8 inches, and weights 19 pounds. Without the case the weight is 12 pounds.

Another electric device is the Handi-Washer, a small size washing machine which weighs only 20 pounds and is compact enough to be used on a sink drainboard or on a table. It will hold two sheets and two pillow cases, or eight men's shirts, or any similar amount of laundry. An excellent thing for small apartments. You just put in the clothes, turn on the switch, and go on and do something else while the clothes are washing themselves.

In connection with this you might be interested to know about a folding clothes rack which, occupying a floor area of only 20 by 36 inches, has a drying space equivalent to 75 feet. It will take a large sheet, yet weights only 15 pounds, and folded up, occupies no more space than an ironing board. The clothes hang over wooden rods so they will not be line marked or soiled.

From Germany comes a clothes sprinkler made of thin aluminum which holds about a pint of water. The interesting thing about it is that it is made by the same machinery which only a few years ago was turning out shells for the German guns.

AND HOW ABOUT a scrubbing brush with a back made of cork? It floats high in the water so that it's easy to recover, and it won't split or crack from constant soaking.

FRANCE'S CONTRIBUTION to your welfare this week is a clothes hanger which contains its own moth balls. You open a little jigger under each arm, put in the moth balls, which come specially made in a flat wafer, and you may then be sure that no holes will appear in the shoulders of your Sunday coat. The tails of the coat, it seems to us, might be a different matter. Probably you could slip a few moth balls into the pockets.

WE HAVE SEEN pictures and diagrams of a motor sleeping coach which has been built by a Los Angeles stage company for use between San Diego and San Francisco. It is a double decker, 34½ feet long and 8 feet wide, and has a sleeping capacity of 26 persons. Two berths, running water, fans and thermos bottles are in every compartment. In addition there is a small kitchen.

WALL-TEX, in case you don't know it, is a permanent wall covering which can easily be cleaned—a strong flexible fabric, hung like wall paper, and swell for walls that are too badly cracked for regular paper. It come in dull or glossy finish, either plain colors or an assortment of designs. One nice one for the nursery has the familiar Mother Goose figures done with a sort of Russian twist.

WE HAVE SEEN a rack for keeping toast warm which has a small spirit lamp beneath, which would seem to have a place on the breakfast table where there is no electric toaster. Small, and good looking, and either silver plated or nickeled, we couldn't tell which, and there wasn't anybody around to inform us.

THERE'S A KIND of tissue paper with a long name—Dexstar Stay-brite No Tarnish Tissue—which you can use to wrap up silver or highly polished metal or glass, and which will protect objects so wrapped from the tarnishing that takes place in a sulphur or gas-charged atmosphere. It is good and strong, and has a velvety surface.

THERE IS a good new kitchen shelf paper on the market which is heavy, and coated on one side with English clay, giving a porcelain like finish to which dust will not adhere. It can be cleaned with a damp cloth. It comes fourteen inches wide for shelves, twenty-two inches wide for dresser and buffet drawers—both widths in either twenty-one or sixty-three foot lengths. The colors are orchid, light green, pink, yellow and pale blue.

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Cotton Textiles Come Back

By THOMAS H. CAMMACK

"BUYING WAS stimulated by encouraging reports from the cotton textile centers." This sentence has appeared frequently in recent daily reviews of the cotton market but it still looks rather strange nevertheless. Cries of woe from cotton-goods manufacturers have been so persistent since about 1919 that the business world had come almost to take them for granted.

"Flourishing" is certainly not the proper adjective for the industry at this time. Most manufacturing profits were pretty slim in 1928. Without any doubt, however, the industry is in a healthier condition and its prospects are more cheerful than they have been for some time.

There were three paramount reasons for the unhappy recent history. The first was the excessive amount of productive machinery, much of which was built in the boom periods during and after the War. Rather than let this equipment lie idle, its owners produced far more goods than the public could consume at reasonable prices. As a consequence, most of them did a large business and made either niggardly profits or none at all. Whenever the markets began to look at all attractive fresh spindles would begin to whir and spoil them.

Even if the cotton-goods manufacturers had co-operated as intelligently as, say, the leading steel and electrical equipment producers have been doing for several years, the situation would have been bad enough. But there was no co-operation at all. Competition was of the cut-throat variety. Almost every one acted as if his main purpose was not to make money himself but to make sure that no one else did. In the meantime, the science of co-ordinated buying had been making great strides. Great combinations such as chain stores, department stores and mail-order houses fished cheaply in the troubled and confused waters of the textile industry.

The third difficulty was the change in fashions which made terrific inroads into the demand for cotton goods. Women's clothing grew scantier and scantier and what was left contained a steadily decreasing amount of cotton. Silk stockings became *de rigueur* for almost every one. The march away from cotton, of course, was quickened by the striking improvements in the qualities of many diverse materials that are classified roughly as artificial silks and by the general efficiency and ingenuity of those who produced them.

Improvement in the cotton textile situation is due to the fact that all three of these principal troubles have been alleviated. Productive capacity is still excessive but each year has seen a number of plants dismantled. New ones have been built, particularly in the South, but the relationship between productive and consumptive capacity in this country is undoubtedly much healthier.

THE POINT OF VIEW of the individual manufacturer has changed drastically, for which thanks are due chiefly to the two-year old Cotton Textile Institute, of which Mr. Walker D. Hines is president. The Institute has convinced the mill owners that their old policies were suicidal and has persuaded them to look on overproduction as the menace it is. By publishing reliable statistics of production, orders, deliveries and stocks on hand the Institute has forced them to be aware of threats of overproduction. When a manufacturer sees the figures on stocks on hand mounting he knows that it is time for him to go slow. By introducing uniform, conservative accounting systems the Institute has brought about more intelligent estimates of prices at which goods can be sold at a profit.

Here again one cannot be too optimistic. Mr. Lincoln Cromwell, for instance, says that "workers, managers and stockholders will lose unless selling practices are changed. . . . There is no mill co-operation to get fair market prices; only mad competition. every one for himself, the sheriff taking the hindmost and others." But the majority of experts would agree that selling practices are not as madly competitive as they were a year ago.

A great deal of credit, too, must go to the Cotton Textile Institute for its stimulation of the demand for cotton goods. Instead of despairing over women's fashions it has made aggressive and fairly successful attempts to turn them toward cotton again. At the same time, the Institute has educated the public to new uses for cotton and to the extension of the old uses.

Among the most successful results of the efforts of the New Uses Section of the Institute has been the increase in the use of cotton markers for traffic directions on roads, in developing a cotton membrane to be used instead of another fabric in the construction of roads and in boosting the demand for the commodity from manufacturers of bags, baling, draperies, aeronautical fabrics, canvas casters and truck wheels, belting, fabric for shoe soles and for shoe uppers and work clothing. At present there is a great drive on to increase the size of sheets. Its success will mean the consumption of many thousands of bales of additional cotton.

Two minor factors also have helped to keep the cotton trades steady. In the first place, the price of cotton has been fairly stable, ranging only between 17 and 22½ cents a pound. Active, jumpy markets discourage buyers.

In the second place, the various units of the industry have become more stable, geographically speaking. The exodus to the South which has been a disturbing influence for several years, has been letting up. The Northern mills which have weathered the storm thus far ought to be able to maintain their position. Most of them today are wisely concentrating on the production of quality work instead of trying to compete with Southern rivals for the cheaper goods markets.

WHILE cotton-goods manufacturers cannot expect any such prosperity as that which automobile, radio and electric refrigerator companies have been enjoying they have the fundamental basis for encouragement, namely a growing demand. Per capita consumption of cotton is mounting persistently in this country and exports to December 7 were more than 500,000 bales larger than in the preceding year. Mill stocks are low and the year-end carry-over of raw cotton was the lightest since the end of 1923, an extremely short crop year.

With so many favorable influences present it probably will be the industry's own fault if it does not find at least reasonable prosperity before long.

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Speaking of Books

Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

A Great American Diary

The Diary of John Quincy Adams, 1794-1845. Edited by ALLAN NEVINS: Longmans, Green.

"THE DIARY of John Quincy Adams" is a treasure without parallel for students of the social and political life of the Nation during the first half of the Nineteenth Century. But, as it was originally published in twelve volumes, comparatively few readers have ever waded very far into it or discovered a sufficiently rewarding nucleus of interest amid the immense waste stretches. Adams says somewhere that, during his Presidency, he often spent four hours in the evening at work upon his diary, and indeed few Americans have ever kept such a detailed record of their private and public lives. But in this respect Adams was a true member of his family, as he was also one of the most eminent of American Presidents, both morally and intellectually. It only required such a practiced hand as that of Mr. Allan Nevins to boil down the immense work in order to show the general reader what riches it contains.

Indeed, in this one-volume form the diary bristles with incisive and picturesque records of our social and political history. "No other American diarist," Mr. Nevins truly says, "touched life at quite so many points, over quite so long a period, as John Quincy Adams." Notably self-centered, and by his own account, which is borne out by other witnesses, "stiff and dull" in company, he yet came into more or less intimate contact with an astonishing number of eminent persons, both at home and abroad—Czar Alexander I, George III of England, Wellington, Talleyrand, Madame de Staël. Washington, Jefferson and all the other Presidents who preceded him, Clay, Randolph, Burr, Webster, Dickens—a line of celebrities of half a dozen countries covering a period of more than half a century, for the diary opens with his impressions of Paris in 1795 and closes during his last term as a member of Congress in 1846, shortly after the inauguration of Polk. And although not an especially practiced writer or one given to character study for its own sake, he had a shrewd eye for character and a sufficiently competent pen. And few of our statesmen have had so wide an experience. For Adams was a Minister at the courts of Russia, Prussia, Holland, Sweden, France and Great Britain. And besides being President he was a Senator for ten years, Secretary of State for eight and a Representative for nearly twenty.

Moreover, his interests were exceptionally wide, and the diary reflects them all. A poet of parts, he has interesting comments to make on Byron and on Bryant and the other American poets of his time, of whom he reckons Dana the chief, although he says that "it would take nine such poets to make a Tate." And his interest in science was unflagging: the report on weights and measures has become indeed a classic. His comment in the diary on Emerson is well known and sufficiently reveals his conservative spirit: "A young man, named Ralph Waldo Emerson, and a classmate of my lamented son George, after failing in the everyday avocations of a Unitarian preacher and schoolmaster, starts a new doctrine of transcendentalism, declares all the old revelations superannuated and worn out, and announces the approach of new revelations and prophecies. Garrison and the non-resistant abolitionists, Brownson and the Marat democrats, phrenology and animal magnetism, all come in, furnishing each some plausible rascality as an ingredient for the bubbling cauldron of religion and politics." But many of his comments are as appreciative as this is the opposite, not indeed in regard to things literary toward which he was rather a stiff-necked Philistine, but in regard to things political and broadly human; for Adams was a just and tolerant, if not exactly a sympathetic, spectator of the world.

But perhaps the most interesting comments in the diary are those that describe his own character and habits. "I rise," he says, during his Presidency, "usually between five and six—that is, at this time of the year, from an hour and a half to two hours before the sun. I walk by the light of moon and stars, or none, about four miles, usually returning home in time to see the sun rise from the eastern chambers of the House. I then make my fire, and read three chapters of the Bible, with Scott's and Hewlett's Commentaries." And shortly afterwards he commits to paper this judgment on his own career: "Three days more, and I shall be restored to private life and left to an old age of retirement, though certainly not of repose. I go into it with a combination of parties and of public men against my character and reputation such as I believe never before was ex-

The Most Discussed Books

THIS list is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire by the following book-shops each week:

New York—Brentano's;
Rochester—Scrantoms, Inc.
Cleveland—Korner & Wood;
St. Louis—Scruggs, Vandevoort, & Barney;
Denver—Kendrick Bellamy Company;
Houston—Teolin Pillot Company;
San Francisco—Paul Elder & Co.;
Baltimore—Norman, Remington Company;
Kansas City—Emery Bird Thayer;
Atlanta—Miller's Book Store;
Los Angeles—Bullock's;
Chicago—Marshall Field & Co.;
Cincinnati—Stewart Kidd;
Portland, Oregon—J. K. Gill Company;

Fiction

The Case of Sergeant Grischa, by Arnold Zweig: Viking Press. Generally considered the best novel of the war. The story of a Russian prisoner and the lives on which his life impinged.

The Empress of Hearts, by E. Barrington: Dodd, Mead & Co. This is the old story of the Queen's Necklace decorated to suit the ladies. The author is a more accurate historian than Dumas but not so good a story-teller. Reviewed November 7.

Old Pybus, by Warwick Deeping: Alfred A. Knopf. This amiable if mechanical story of an old man, his sons and his grandson, will please admirers of Deeping's novels. Reviewed Oct. 10.

Harness, by A. Hamilton Gibbs: Little, Brown & Co. The "old things" still carry on in this story of a post-war couple and the difficulty of mixing careers and matrimony. Reviewed October 31.

Destiny Bay, by Donn Byrne: Little, Brown. Charming stories of Ireland, rich in humor and color. Reviewed Oct. 10.

Non-Fiction

Elizabeth and Essex, by Lytton Strachey: Harcourt, Brace. A magnificent historical essay written in precise and living prose. Reviewed Dec. 26.

Tamerlane, by Harold Lamb: McBride. A biography which gives life to a picturesque figure. Reviewed Nov. 14.

Goethe, by Emil Ludwig: Putnam. This fine biography adds greatly to the validity of the Ludwig vogue. Reviewed October 3.

Meet General Grant, by W. E. Woodward: Harper. A vigorous biography. Reviewed Jan. 9.

The Buck in the Snow, by Edna St. Vincent Millay: Harper. There is some reassuring and some disappointing work in this. Reviewed Oct. 31.

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hibited against any man since this Union existed. Posterity will scarcely believe it, but so it is, that this combination against me has been formed, and is now exulting in triumph over me, for the devotion of my life and of all the faculties of my soul to the Union, and to the improvement, physical, moral and intellectual, to my country . . . . Yet 'bate I not a jot of heart and hope. Passion, prejudice, envy and jealousy will pass. The cause of Union and of improvement will remain, and I have duties to it and to my country yet to discharge." Which may well be taken as typical of the sentiments of the classic Presidents, those who lived before the Jacksonian flood.

VAN WYCK BROOKS.

The Liveliest Art

The Development of Dramatic Art. By DONALD CLIVE STUART: Appleton. Published in December.

THE THEATRE, if it can be considered at all as a separate and distinct entity, is undoubtedly the most lively of all the arts. Compound of action and idea, of sound, movement and visual beauty, it is at once kaleidoscopic and static, a thing ever changing in its appearance, but remaining fundamentally unaltered through all the generations that men have played with it. It can today be described in the very same terms used by the first dramatic critic writing some sixty years before the birth of Christ. Tragedy, Aristotle tells us, is a compound of "plot, character, diction, thought, spectacle and song." Or, in the words of Gordon Craig, pioneer, prophet, and emancipator of the theatre of today: "The art of the theatre is neither acting nor the play, nor the dance; but it consists of all the elements of which these things are composed; action which is the very spirit of acting; words which are the very body of the play; line and color which are the very heart of the scene; rhythm, which is the very essence of the dance." So twenty centuries of theatric vicissitudes have brought about a restatement of principals but no profound alteration in their character. The relationship between the component parts has, however, shifted again and again, presenting new and often bewildering effects with every re-adjustment of values. Professor Donald Clive Stuart's massive book on the "Development of Dramatic Art" presents a detailed analysis of these processes of readjustment. Beginning with Greek drama and sweeping through the whole body of European dramatic literature, Professor Stuart indicates the preponderance first of one element then of another. His emphasis is primarily on shifting forms and formulas, technical experiments, tendencies and types of play making. He does not pretend to give a history of the theatre as a whole, but in his six-hundred-page analysis of the development of the art of the drama he provides an exhaustive study of dramatic literature as preserved in the works of playwrights, critics, theorists, poets and philosophers who have experimented with dramatic expression.

LOGAN CIRCLE, PHILADELPHIA
Wood Engraving by Charles R. Gardner

Professor Stuart's generous and thoroughly documented researches cannot fail to interest students of the theatre. Taken in conjunction with such a book as Mantzius's "History of Theatrical Art," it provides a valuable picture of the theatre from Æschylus to O'Neill. Starting, as such a study invariably must, with the little understood sources of Greek tragedy, Professor Stuart undertakes no less a task than the analyses of the works of all the European playwrights who have in any way affected the current of dramatic development. This does not mean that his book is a compendium of European dramatists. On the contrary many familiar figures are absent while little-known writers are treated at length, but Professor Stuart's selection is clear throughout: he has presented those writers and such of their works as best exemplify the changes and developments in the art of playwriting. In consequence a master playwright such as Congreve, whose work illustrates the fine flower of a form rather than its first stages, is passed over entirely, while whole chapters are devoted to long, and perhaps wisely, forgotten predecessors of Molière, to the fabricators of Italian tragedy or the quaint diversions of the writers of pastorals. The very nature of Professor Stuart's task necessitates the analysis and presentation of an appalling number of plays, and it must be acknowledged that, indispensable as they may be, the perusal of innumerable scenario digests furnishes many pages of dull reading even to the most ardent lover of the theatre. Yet these very scenarios give the book a distinct value as a manual of dramatic art and make it possible for us to follow, in Professor Stuart's pages, the historic sequence of play construction through the ages without resorting to obscure and largely unobtainable source books. It is perhaps unfortunate that the liveliest of all the arts must needs be subjected to such weighty treatment. The butterfly wings of comedy lose their lustre when pinned to the dissecting board, and even the more sturdy problems of tragedy might be handled with less ponderous recti-

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tude. But the serious student of the theatre will be grateful to Professor Stuart for his thorough and comprehensive study and will derive much benefit by following his analysis of the changes and permutations through which the drama has passed. Professor Stuart believes that the drama has reached a high point in its development. It has won its freedom and re-integrated its various elements, and today it awaits only a master's hand to pour into it the flood of a new inspiration. The instrument is perfected. Whether it will be used to its full advantage, only time can tell. "We do not know what our grandchildren will see in the theatre when the plays of the first generation of the twentieth century have become old fashioned and dated," he says in his closing paragraph. "They will smile with kindly indulgence at plays we admire, they will declare their faith in new forms of art. But it is hoped that they will be grateful to this age which set the drama free." And perhaps also to Professor Stuart for summing up so painstakingly the slow process by which that freedom was obtained.

ROSAMOND GILDER.

The Week's Reading

The Molehill. By ALICE RITCHIE: Putnam. Published January 18.

THIS IS a highly impressionistic novel dealing with a cross-section of life in an office in Geneva. There is very little narrative interest; the chief charm and power of the book lying in the realistic character sketches and subtle vignettes that crop up here and there without apparent reason. There is a flagrant lack of unity and coherence; but then it is not a story. It is Life, and life is like that. Things happen; nobody knows why. There are moments of real beauty in this book, but it is beauty chiefly of the intellectual variety. MILTON BYRON.

The Slower Judas. By G. B. STERN: Knopf. Published January 18.

WITHOUT USING any heavy and quite unwarranted figure of speech involving thirty pieces of silver, it is still possible to regret that demands of publishers and, presumably, public should make it necessary for G. B. Stern to waste her fine talent for the creation and development of character, and her sense of human values on such slight stories. Almost any competent writer could have done the stories in this volume. The first one, indeed, is so banal that most people with any faculty for self-criticism would have discarded it. The rest are much better, imaginative, amusing and pleasantly written. And the last two, "Toes Unmasked," a story that dog lovers will relish, and "The Slower Judas," are good. On the whole the collection can add nothing to G. B. Stern's reputation. If it were the work of an inferior writer it would deserve some praise. As G. B. Stern's work it may be safely accepted without comment.

To Be Published Next Week

Last September. By ELIZABETH BOWEN: Lincoln MacVeagh, The Dial Press.

Bloody Ground. By FISWOODE TARLETON: Lincoln MacVeagh, The Dial Press.

Ecstasy of Thomas De Quincy. Edited by THOMAS BURKE: Doubleday, Doran.

The Darkened Room. By PHILIP GIBBS: Doubleday, Doran.

The Silver Virgin. By I. A. R. WYLIE: Doubleday, Doran.

Home. By KATHLEEN NORRIS: DUTTON.

The Glory and the Parlour. By CARMAN: Doubleday, Doran.

Ransome for London. By J. S. FLETCHER: Lincoln MacVeagh, the Dial Press.

The Self-Made Thief. By HULBERT FOOTNER: Doubleday, Doran.

The Man Who Never Blundered. By Sinclair GLUCK: Dodd, Mead.

The Problem of Cell 13: By FUTRELLE: Dodd, Mead.

The Mystery of the Boule Cabinet. By STEVENSON: Dodd, Mead.

Treasure House of Martin Hews. By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM. Little, Brown.

The China Venture. By DOROTHY GRAHAM: Stokes. Published January 19.

"THE CHINA VENTURE" is full of the breath of the Orient and abounds in atmosphere and more than superficial understanding of the Chinese. It is a three-generation story of China; part one dealing with the Opium War in Canton in 1835, part two with the Boxer Rebellion in Peking in 1900 and part three with the New China of the present day. It is rich in dramatic situations, is exciting and holds one's interest but the characters, especially the Americans, do not ring quite true. This, we believe, is largely due to the stilted dialogue.

MILTON BYRON.

The Years Between (Second Series). By PAUL FEVALAND M. LASSEZ: Longmans, Green. Two volumes. Published January 18.

THE TWO PRESENT VOLUMES, "Secret of the Bastille" and "The Heir of Buckingham," combined with the first series, "The Mysterious Cavalier" and "Martyr to the Queen," bridge the gap between Dumas's "Three Musketeers" and "Twenty Years After."

Suffice it to say that the job has been well done. For the benefit of those who have not read the preceding volumes a pamphlet synopsis is included with the book which gives the reader a sufficient background to enjoy the story. It picks up the thread of the narrative exactly where it was left off and carries it along in a way that leaves nothing to be desired. D'Artagnan and Cyrano de Bergerac are present and the mile-a-minute action of the original classic, as well as the quaint style, are faithfully followed by Dumas's ghosts. MILTON BYRON.

Chrysalis. By ZEPHINE HUMPHREY: Dutton. Published January 15.

THIS IS a delicate and charming nature essay, a sequel to "Winterwise." It is a book which is sure to please lovers of nature and those who have the leisure to enjoy wise and tranquil reflection on life in general and home in particular.

Armistice. By R. H. MOTTRAM: Lincoln MacVeagh; the Dial Press. Published January 18.

IN THIS COLLECTION of essays, laconic, sharp and sober, there is more of the feel of war, more of the inescapable memory of war, than in pages of the hysterical diatribe or the sentimental, urbanely humorous tut-tut-dear-dear pieces which so many war writers now give us. Mottram's Spanish Farm trilogy, with its unforgettable characters,

(*Please Turn to Page 158*)

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Readers and Writers

By ERNEST BOYD

SEVERAL YEARS AGO I remember suggesting to a publisher that an interesting volume might be made of short stories from "The Yellow Book." Now a more general collection of representative contributions to that famous periodical has been published by Edward Valentine Mitchell of Hartford, Connecticut, under the title of "The Yellow Book: A Selection," under the editorship of Cedric Ellsworth Smith. While it does not seriously interfere with the success of such a book, fiction being only an incidental feature, the present work does offer a convenient anthology of the movement associated with "The Yellow Book."

In his history of the eighteen nineties Holbrook Jackson declares that "The Yellow Book" and its successor, "The Savoy," had a list of contributors who constituted practically "the *dramatis personæ* of the movement—with the notable exception of Oscar Wilde, not any of whose work appeared in either." That is a fact which is often forgotten by those who think of Wilde as the epitome of all that "The Yellow Book" stood for in its time. Yet, it is, curiously, also a fact that the shadow of Wilde, so to speak, lay across the magazine, for the designs made by Aubrey Beardsley for the issue of April, 1895, the month of the Wilde trials, were withdrawn, and the original issue was canceled. After which Beardsley ceased to be the art editor and transferred his work to "The Savoy."

It is generally agreed that, although it ran to thirteen volumes, "The Yellow Book" began to lose its peculiar characteristics after the departure of Beardsley, although Henry Harland still continued to be the literary editor, assisted by Miss Ella D'Arcy, a distinguished writer of short stories, who still has a claim upon a generation which may never have read them, because of her translations of André Maurois. According to Osbert Burdett, in "The Beardsley Period," it was Sir William Watson and Mrs. Humphrey Ward who succeeded in intimidating Harland to the point where he abandoned in a large measure the ideals with which the review had been founded.

"Mrs. Ward," writes Mr. Burdett, "regarded the poet as the appointed guardian of English morality, destined to uphold it at a critical time. Her prohecy was fulfilled when he wrote a letter to Henry Harland saying, among other things, that unless Beardsley's work was withdrawn his own poem should be." Harland accepted the ultimatum of Mrs. Grundy, canceled the drawings, and sent Beardsley over to "The Savoy," which Arthur Symons started in protest against the vacillating policy of "The Yellow Book." Mr. Burdett says that the canceled designs have since been printed and, "contrary to a general impression, they do not differ from Beardsley's other published work."

THE editor of the present selection comments with the detachment of thirty-four years later when he says that the contributions to "The Yellow Book" were "literary and pictorial manifestations of the sense of sin; but they were not so very dreadful after all. In fact, they may appear downright tame to a genération nurtured in the bypaths of Freudism." Nevertheless, he continues, it was a sinful periodical "if the intentions of its brightest talents are to be justly appraised. There was hardly one of them who did not consider himself a very devil of a fellow. Since sin, however, is subject to the same laws that govern the cut of a coat, the modern reader may, after a perusal of this volume, be conscious of a certain incongruity in the general picture of Yellow Book personalities (so carefully preserved by succeeding generations) and the work by which, after all is done and said, they must ultimately be judged."

This quotation may explain the principle upon which the selections for this volume have been made. Many names which will at once occur to readers of "The Yellow Book" are not represented here: George Egerton, George Moore, John Oliver Hobbes, Theodore Wratislaw, Dolly Radford, for example. Evidently, the intention is to show how the sedate and the rebellious equally flourished under the ægis of "The Yellow Book," thereby emphasising the absurdity of the notion that it was a wicked publication.

Mr. Ellsworth Smith begins with the celebrated excoriation of "Trilby," signed "The Yellow Dwarf," a model of all possible comment upon the surprising absurdities of the best-seller. His next selection is a typical poem by Arthur Symons, which is the quintessence of so much poetry of the Yellow Nineties. Then we are reminded that the efficient Arnold Bennett was once Enoch Arnold Bennett and a contributor to the last kind of periodical one would associate with his name. He might—indeed he inevitably must—have edited some such publication as "The Ironmongers' Gazette," but Mr. Bennett as a "decadent"—incredible! And he wasn't, as readers of "A Letter Home" will see for themselves. Neither was Henry James particularly *fin-de-siècle* in his lengthy review of George Sand's letters to Alfred de Musset. Hubert Crackenthorpe's refutation of Arthur Waugh's "Reticence in Literature" is here, but not the original article under that title.

The first essay on Anatole France to appear in English, by Maurice Baring, is not reprinted, but Arthur Waugh's "The Auction Room of Letters" is, and its plaintive protest against the excessive commercialism of the world of letters makes strange reading today. Arthur Waugh, thou should'st be living at this hour! Max Beerbohm is well represented both by his drawings and by two prose sketches "Poor Romeo!" and "1880." All the more respectable members of the group are present: George Saintsbury, Edmund Gosse, Theodore Watts, W. B. Yeats, Walter Raleigh, Henry W. Nevinson, John Buchan, Douglas Ainslie. There is little in this volume to disturb even a Victorian suburb.

Is it, then, a representative volume? the reader may ask. In my view it is. The literary and artistic movement associated in our minds with the nineties was not merely a movement of revolt, and the element of revolt in any movement is usually its most ephemeral manifestation. Once the ground has been cleared, the instruments whereby that necessary work is accomplished are often thrown aside. They look worn and a little ridiculous to those who no longer need them. Beardsley and Harland would probably agree today that their "Yellow Book" has not been misrepresented.

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By WALTER R. BROOKS

Henry Ford's My Philosophy of Industry Coward-McCann

There is something engagingly nonchalant about the optimistic ease with which Mr. Ford here sums up the present age, and bids us be of good cheer for the future. There's nothing difficult about it all. Just think straight, choose the right path, and then follow it. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his Righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you," he quotes; and adds: "This is from the Sermon on the Mount. It sounds religious, but it is just a plain statement of facts. It means just what it says—the reign, the rule, the law of the highest relations. Get that right way, work by that, and you have the world—world without poverty, without injustice, without need."

Just how to find the right way? Well, he's a bit vague about that. Prohibition has done a lot. It has given the workman leisure. "The American home is dry." "There are a million boys growing up in the United States who will never know the handicap of liquor, either in themselves or their relatives." And tobacco must go. It is "a narcotic which is exacting a heavy toll from our present generation. No one smokes in the Ford industries. Tobacco is not a good thing for industry nor for the individual."

And we must think, learn to think. Thinking is quite important. How we are to learn seems largely up to us, but we will do better if we have a manual job of some kind. For "it is not the men who are doing the talking who are solving our problems, but the men who are at work. Nobody can think straight who does not work, for idleness warps the mind. Thinking which does not connect with constructive action becomes a disease. The man who has it sees crooked; his views are lopsided." But Mr. Ford gives us a hint of how to start our thinking when he says: "In reality all problems may be resolved into one great one. The parts are all interrelated one with another. The solution of one helps in the solution of another, and so on."

"And so on"! We wished he hadn't stopped there. And yet Mr. Ford is a busy man, and we don't feel that he should do our thinking for us. He has done a good deal in preparing the four interviews contained in these hundred and seven pages. Tersely, and with an eye on the clock, he has outlined for us those rules which will lead to success and happiness,—summed up perhaps best in these words: "The whole secret of a successful life is to find out what it is one's destiny to do and then do it."

And as to the future? We see it through Mr. Ford's eyes one great industrial plant, where happy workmen will walk homeward through immaculate streets at 4:30 P.M., to spend their leisure in the creative activity which Mr. Ford contends is so marvelously stimulated by several hours each day of mechanical work. Night will be filled with radio, and the cares that infest the day—but we forget, there won't be any. Only happiness, everywhere, and a great spirit of Service. The picture overwhelms us with its beauty. We see ourself one of that joyful army of thoughtful workmen. We see ourself at night, poking our nightcapped head from the window for one last goodnight look at our beloved workshop, and murmuring with deep and pious joy, as we see a light still burning in the Executive Offices: "Ford's in his factory, all's right with the world."

Nancy Barr Mavity's The Tule Marsh Murder Doubleday, Doran

Another who-killed-whom-and-why story containing a psychoanalytical doctor and his daughter, the charred corpse of a beautiful dancer, the dancer's millionaire husband and a traditionally devil-may-care reporter who solves the mystery in spite of the fact that his hat is disreputable and his slang is just awful. We were mildly surprised at the dénouement, which would, however, have pleased us if it had dénoued a little sooner.

Thea von Harbou's Spies Putnam

A movie scenario by the author of "Metropolis." We got the impression of a large city, every inhabitant of which was either a secret-service agent or a member of a huge criminal organization. Even the organ grinders had movie cameras in their hurdy-gurdies with which they took pictures of all and sundry. Eyes peer from windows, pistol muzzles protrude from doorways, bombs fly back and forth like confetti at a carnival. And through it all dash Sonia, beautiful tool of the wicked Haghi, and No. 329, the intrepid detective. They sort of gum up the plans of their respective parties by falling in love. When some one tries to stick a hypodermic into 329 just after he has been blown up by a bomb—"Sonia Nicholovena Baranikowa was no longer

(*Please Turn to Page 160*)

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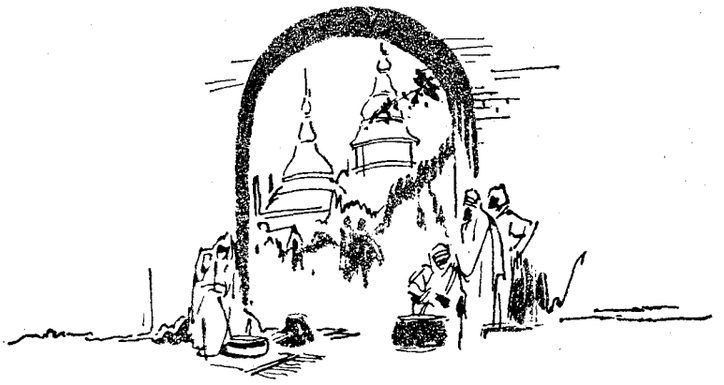

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The Grand Animal Mix-up

By HARRIET EAGER DAVIS

Illustrated by LUXOR PRICE

LUXOR PRICE, whose drawings have often enlivened these pages, has a small son, Peter. When Peter had, as his father puts it, "swept through the Uncle Remus books like a fire through dried underbrush," he demanded more B'rer Rabbit adventures and more and more. This story is one of his distracted father's many responses. "If any reader is inclined to sniff," appends Mr. Price, "let him invent such a story, fresh, twelve nights in succession—and keep out of a sanitarium."

B'rer Mouse showing his teeth—horribly!

THE GRAND ANIMAL MIX-UP

As Invented for his son by LUXOR PRICE

ONCE UPON A TIME, in the days of B'rer Rabbit, the animals were paying a call upon their king, the lion.

"Tell us, your Majesty," timidly began B'rer Rabbit, who had sat tongue-tied for an hour and now felt he really must say something, "tell us, which animal in your kingdom has the best brain—after your Majesty, of course," he added hastily.

The King of Beasts wrinkled his noble brow and shook his mane.

"Bless me!" he roared, "I don't know. Ask Doc Stork. Where's Doc Stork? Go fetch Doc Stork," and B'rer Rabbit, wondering what on earth he had started, was off like a flash.

But when the long-legged old doctor arrived, out of breath, he only took off his spectacles and shook his head.

"The only conclusive method of solving this question, your Majesty," he croaked in his precise and deliberate manner, "is examination and we shall see."

"Good!" roared the lion, for he had felt a bit bored of late, and next morning the forest woke to find a royal proclamation scratched on every tree trunk.

"Know ye by all beasts present," it began, and went on to order every animal to report immediately to Doctor Stork's office. Why or wherefore, none understood, but the King had .commanded and all obeyed. All, that is, except one.

B'rer Bear caterwauling and breaking down the back fences with his weight

When B'rer Rabbit had delivered the message to Doc Stork, he did not return to the lion's den, but hurried home to pack, for he was leaving that night to visit his grandmother. When he returned two evenings later, worn out from shouting at the dear old lady—and rabbits turn harder of hearing than any one else, because there is so much more ear to get deaf—he found the neighborhood strangely quiet and his wife sick in bed with a bad cold.

"Fidgetty-Nose," she begged, "Please run get me some cough medicine from Doc Stork."

"Right-o! Pink-eyes," was B'rer Rabbit's cheerful reply and tired though he was, off he scurried through the dark forest, wondering why nobody, not even a chipmunk, was astir.

At the hospital gate the big orang-outang porter, Ginger, met him with a broad grin.

"Howdy, B'rer Rabbit," said he, "Great doin's round heah," and showing B'rer Rabbit into the waiting-room, he bustled off.

But minutes went by, the clock ticked loudly and still nobody came. B'rer Rabbit shifted his paws restlessly. He counted the slats in the window shutter and bet with himself which fly would leave the ceiling first, he stretched and yawned and scratched his fleas. Still nobody came.

Suddenly his quick pink eye fell upon a row of little birch-bark boxes, each neatly labeled with a name; "Fox," "Wolf," "Bear," "Cat," "Greyhound," "Skunk," "Turtle-Dove," "Elephant," every animal of the forest except himself. Puzzled and curious, B'rer Rabbit tiptoed to the shelf. What could be inside? Glancing cautiously about, he took down a box marked "Mouse" and slipped off the lid.

There was a tiny Something inside—odd and twisted and grayish—but what the Something was he couldn't for the life of him tell. Never had B'rer Rabbit seen such a thing. Scratching the wool between his ears he took down another, marked "Wolf." Inside was the same strange-looking sort of object, only larger. What could it be? Growing more and more curious, he took down another box and another and another, until at last all the contents lay on the table before him and his pate between his ears showed quite bare from scratching. Still he couldn't understand.

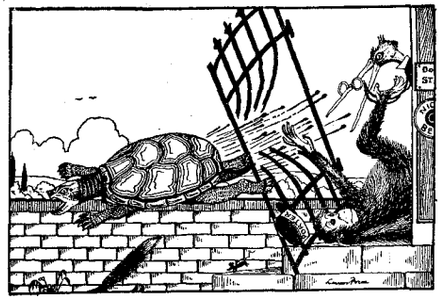
Just then he heard Doc Stork calling Ginger in the corridor, and afraid of being caught, B'rer Rabbit crammed the strange things into the boxes any which way, stacked them neatly on the shelf again, and was back in his chair, innocent as you please, just as Porter Ginger arrived with the cough mixture.

As B'rer Rabbit hurried out with the big brown bottle under his arm he heard Doc Stork call: "Hey there, Ginger, get busy. Fit those fellows' brains back into their heads and turn them all loose again. I'm through my examination."

Brains! Examination! So that was it! But why had Doc Stork removed the animals' brains and why was Ginger putting them back? Puzzled and terrified, B'rer Rabbit hurried home so fast that he stumbled on a stump and broke the bottle into smithereens, spilling all the cough mixture.

Meanwhile, Porter Ginger had carried the boxes, one by one, to the patients' bedsides, and giving each a pleasant whiff of pine needles, slipped back all the brains quite neatly, never dreaming that meddlesome B'rer Rabbit had mixed everything up and crammed every brain back into the wrong box!

Well then, things began to happen.



B'rer Terrapin finds himself possessed of B'rer Greyhound's speed

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Feeling enormously important, B'rer Mouse, with B'rer Wolf's brains crammed into his tiny head, strode boldly down to the post office, showing his teeth so ferociously that everybody hustled out of his way; then, instead of sneaking home by gutter and barrel as usual, he stalked scowling along the middle of the road, even going so far as to chase frightened B'rer Cat up a poplar tree and ordering him to stay there.

As for B'rer Wolf, with the mouse's tiny brain rattling inside his empty skull, he slunk home, "tweaking" with terror at every shadow and when old Mis' Wolf lost her patience with his queer behavior and hurled a frying pan at his head, B'rer Wolf nearly broke his neck trying to dive down a hole in the floor a hundred times too small for him.

As for B'rer Terrapin, with a greyhound brain in his small head, he rushed from the hospital, knocking big Porter Ginger galley west and taking half the iron gate with him tearing through the grocery store near by, wrecking the screen door, upsetting the grocer into a tub of molasses, tipping the cash register into the potato bin and carrying away the back stoop on his back!

While poor bewildered B'rer Greyhound began crawling home on such low gear that it took him two weeks to get there, and even then, he had to be rescued from drowning three times along the way, because he would have it that his proper home lay at the bottom of the mill pond.

And Sis Turtle Dove, never suspecting that her innocent head now harbored the brain of a fox, found herself arrested that very day for attempted hen-roost robbery—the first breath of scandal ever turned against her spotless character.

While, meantime, up and down the street fluttered B'rer Fox, cooing so sweetly that every one wondered what mischief the sly fellow was plotting now and kept out of his way just on general principles.

And the Elephant, who had exchanged with the Skunk, grew so objectionable, what with his nosy ways and his huge oderiferous bulk, that everybody ran a mile when he came near, while B'rer Skunk lumbered about trying to pick up peanuts with an imaginary trunk. And B'rer Cat robbed beehives and paid no attention to rats, while B'rer Bear caterwauled all over town, breaking down everybody's back fences, trying to walk them.

At last poor B'rer Rabbit, lying low at home with his wife, had such a pricking of conscience that he went to Doc Stork and made a clean breast of the matter, and the good old Doc, after a hearty laugh, held a consultation behind closed doors with King Lion, with the result that next morning, a new proclamation ordered every animal to report once more to the Field Hospital. For three days Doc Stork didn't have his white coat off, but this time, when Porter Ginger opened the doors, and the animals rushed out, each went brained and in his right mind. And the Doc, perhaps for fear of his professional reputation, and the King, perhaps for fear of a Revolution, and Porter Ginger, perhaps for fear of losing his job, never breathed a word about what had really happened. But to this day, if you so much as point a finger at B'rer Rabbit, he scurries blushing down the nearest hole and hides, for fear that some one has found him out.

Fever or Foresight?

(*Continued from Page 143*)

its stock. It has been chosen as it probably represents the most widely known and discussed example of a rapid and violent advance among the common stocks of our leading corporations. Clearly there is considerable justification for its great increase in market value.

Considering the question of whether good common stocks are too high from another angle it is interesting to note that from time to time when lists are published giving the number of shares held by prominent, wealthy and well-informed men in such companies as New York Central, General Electric, United States Steel, etc., these financial leaders have seldom reduced their holdings in such companies and often have increased them.

While securities of the leading corporations have been advancing, the stocks of other companies not so meritorious have in many cases been pushed up to unwarranted levels due to the enthusiasm of public speculation. While business is good, money is dear and gives every indication of remaining so for some time to come. The stock market will from time to time have violent breaks during which the good stocks will go down with the bad. Nevertheless, it is impossible not to feel that over a reasonable period of time the common stocks of our leading and best managed companies in basic lines of industry will continue to advance to higher levels and that there may be more foresight than fever in many of the present-day quotations.

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With Our Readers

Counter-Irritation

Chesham, New Hampshire

Editor of the Outlook and Independent,
DEAR SIR:

Please accept with my apologies this reply to Mr. Gregory Mason's article in the January 2 Outlook and Independent, "Things That Irritate Me." There are so many things that irritate, or at least amuse me, in his article, that I must set them down. Neither a good clam chowder nor a good fish chowder can be obtained in New York, says Mr. Mason; he must not have been supplied with a competent guide, for although I myself am a dweller far from cities, on occasional stops in New York I have dined at restaurants wherein were served most exquisite chowders of all sorts. Indeed, the foods of all nations may be had in New York *par excellence;* every traveler should know this. "Station's stop," uttered by a conductor, annoys Mr. Mason strongly. I defy any one to distinguish between the words "Station's stop" and "Station stop," when spoken by a conductor. There is nothing ungrammatical in saying, "Station stop." It merely denotes the difference between stations at which a train stops and those at which it does not. Personally, I have never heard the words spoken one way or the other.

Speaking of powdering and rouging in public: "Half the males in America have protested against this last offense to their illusions; and the custom grows apace." What of the other half? If I may be permitted to say it, the intelligent half?

No, I am not surprised that starched collars do not annoy Mr. Mason; that would be much too sensible an irritation.

I agree that the movies are bad, but "the quintessence of all that is banal and tawdry in our life," which Mr. Mason attributes to the radio, is a condemnation of one of the greatest benefits to humanity, if I do not sound like a Congressman. Is it banal and tawdry to bring all manner of fine singers, concerts, speakers and athletic events every day to the ears of thousands of sufferers in hospitals, of invalids doomed to remain always at home, of the thousands of outlanders who never otherwise could hear great music, great personalities, and fresh news?

Curtains are positively condemned by Mr. Mason. Windows, he says, are solely for admitting light and air; we might assume from this that his ideal of a home would be a tasteful edifice containing plate-glass windows, no curtains or hangings (curtains being a nuisance and unsanitary) no rugs, for the same reason. That's enough—even my own scant appreciation of interior decoration bids me not to dwell on such an unpleasing picture.

Candles are censured, too! Mr. Mason must carry a portable electric system in the bush. If he worries about cockroaches and even scorpions at his meals in New York, I wonder what precautions he must take while in the tropical wilds.

NEWTON F. TOLMAN.

For Open Discussion

Providence, Rhode Island

Editor of the Outlook and Independent,
DEAR SIR:

A few weeks ago I began a trial subscription to your magazine which I have not taken for many years. Imagine my surprise when I found in the first number to reach me, that of November 28, John Carter's article "Foreign Policy on the Half-Shell." I wonder, and I shall be glad to know, if this is an expression of your attitude toward the discussion of foreign affairs on the part of the general public. If it is, I shall be greatly surprised and very frankly disgusted.

If Mr. Carter, the author of this, is the type of man who is taken into our State Department, I am certainly for more luncheon discussions than ever. Why a democratic people should accept without question everything which the Government does and which is supposed to be representative of the public opinion is beyond me. Mr. Carter speaks of lack of patriotism on the part of those who question Government acts. Is it lack of patriotism to want to know what the Government is doing and why, and to use our influence to have the Government do what we think it should do? Among the most unpatriotic groups I know are the so-called Patriotic Societies which, to my mind, are the narrowest, most bigoted, dangerous groups that this country has in it.

If the State Department would give absolutely full information of what it is doing and why (and this, I realize, is impossible to do for diplomatic reasons) my attitude might be different. I do feel that the people of the United States are entitled to know more about the attitude of the Government and not having this opportunity, they must get their information as best they can.

There is nothing which has, in my opinion, done more to broaden the attitude of the people of my acquaintance than the discussion groups.

JOHN H. WELLS.

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Invitation for Mr. O'Higgins

Columbus, Ohio

Editor of the Outlook and Independent,
DEAR SIR:

I have just read with amazement the Harvey O'Higgins article "The Prohibition Mystery." The only mystery about prohibition is the refusal of reputable journals like the Outlook and Independent and special writers like Mr. O'Higgins, to see or to admit that prohibition is actually in force, and enforced, as well as observed, by the majority of American citizens, and in the greater part of American territory. Tell O'Higgins to come out to Ohio, or any other State which went dry by its own vote (and there are just thirty-three such States) and find out for himself what the citizens think of the conditions, what improvement has actually been made and just what the prospects would be for any attempt to bring back the legalized liquor traffic.

You admit that the great majority of American citizens are in favor of Constitutional National prohibition; some day you are going to be compelled to admit that they are likewise in favor of the observance and enforcement of that policy.

R. I. GRINDELL.

In Defense of Dr. Phelps

Newark, New Jersey

Editor of the Outlook and Independent,
DEAR SIR:

In your issue of December 5 appeared an article about truant professors. It was very interesting and I was in sympathy with it throughout, but there is one sentence with which I do not agree. The writer says, "And so we have traded a Sumner for a Billy Phelps." It so happens that I studied under Sumner and heard Phelps lecture many times during my undergraduate days. Since then he has become a sort of National institution and I suppose he lectures more outside of college than he used to do. I looked through the last Yale catalogue to see how Professor Phelps's teaching load compares with those of his colleagues and I cannot discover any appreciable difference between them. So it seems to me that in that respect your contributor's remark was simply an epigram that didn't mean much of anything.

Sumner was a great teacher—we all felt that. But I doubt very much that he liked teaching a bit better than Phelps, or that he did more of it. I have heard Phelps say, and he has made the statement in print several times, that he loved teaching and that if he had his life to live over he would choose exactly the same job the second time. In my day he was a greatly beloved man. I have always thought the effect of his life on the students was incalculable. I suspect that one reason why he lectures outside is that he loves to meet people. If he does more lecturing, his students are not neglected.

Perhaps you will think this is making a mountain out of a molehill, but the statement seemed to me so particularly out of point that I could not resist writing about it. If your contributor wants to prove his point he will have to take some other man. A man of the stature of Professor Phelps has no need of any one's rising to defend him, but the great majority of Yale men who came under him would feel just as I do about him.

The article itself was stimulating and enjoyable. I am sure you will not object to my exception to that particular sentence in it.

G. SIDNEY LEACH.

The Object of Education

Boulder, Colorado

Editor of the Outlook and Independent,
DEAR SIR:

The article by Professor Hibbard is very much to the point. Perhaps I have no right to say so, being merely on the sideline of education. But I have witnessed at close range the functioning of four institutions of higher learning. I have now been very closely related for a year to a very fine university though not a part of it. Student reactions come to me very freely for there is no danger of incurring the wrath of the "higher-ups." From this bit of insight I feel sure that what Professor Hibbard says is quite generally true.

But it is only a part of the truth. The artificial grade system which seeks to follow a set grade curve in order to establish a given university among "the standard" universities again loses sight of the student in the interests of the institution.

The institution of learning today supersedes the object. As a minister, I make this same criticism of the church. The institution of religion too often supersedes the object, man. Is there no solution? We certainly are disillusioned with regard to man, even as Dr. George A. Coe points out in his recent book "The Motives of Men."

By the way, I call your personal attention to his Chapter X, "Human nature being what it is," in the light of your statement in your signed column which reads "editors and human nature being what they are." Your line may have been light or even sarcasm but it is indicative of the whole tone of our present-day thinking. Can we not rise above that? Yes, we can. Your magazine can continue to do its fine work in that direction. I believe that you feel that men are more important than institutions.

H. A. CLUGSTON.

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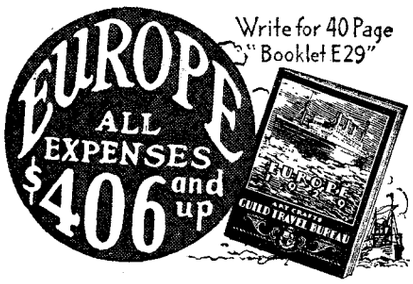

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Speaking of Books

(*Continued from Page 150*)

cannot be dismissed when war novels are discussed, and is not forgotten just because it is a few years old. These essays form a pendant to it. They are called on the jacket "literary etchings" and that is not an inept description of them: lines bitten by acid into metal, spare lines and strong, noble massing of blacks and whites, honest construction. Some have a thread of story, some are character sketches brief but vivid, some are just pictures, pictures that have remained in the memory of a wise and pitiful man. Their finest characteristic is their validity. They have the strength and the nobility of truth. "Armistice" is a distinguished contribution to the literature of the war.

OTHER interesting books published between January 1 and January 20 but received too late for review are:

The Structure of the Novel. By EDWIN MUIR; and *Lyrical Poetry of the Nineteenth Century*: Harcourt, Brace.

TWO MORE VOLUMES in that admirable series, The Hogarth Lectures, of which Harold Nicholson's book on the "Development of English Biography" is itself worth the price of the whole series. These lectures in published form have not had the notice they deserve. They are invaluable to the student and lover of English letters.

A Survey of English Literature, 1730-1780. By PROFFESSOR OLIVER ELTON of Liverpool University: Macmillan. Two volumes.

THIS BOOK covers one of the richest periods in all English literature, and is readable as well as scholarly.

The Light Side of Egypt. By LANCE THACKERAY: *Macmillan.* AN AMUSING picture book in color.

Hows and Whys of Human Behavior. By G. A. DORSEY: Harper.

A NEW BOOK by the author of "Why We Behave Like Human Beings," in which Mr. Dorsey attempts to answer frankly and in easily understood language some of the questions which have been asked him concerning the problems which beset us in our everyday relations with others.

Wandering in Mediæval London. By CHARLES PENDRILL: Macaulay.

THIS is a fascinating book and a treasure to all mediævalists, full of curious information, especially about the domestic life of old London and the conditions and methods of trade there.

Middletown. A study in Contemporary American Culture. By ROBERT J. and HELEN MERRELL LYND: Harcourt, Brace.

THE FINDINGS of an objective survey of the whole life of a small American city have been examined and edited and are presented in this volume, which should be a provocative and valuable contribution to the study of American life.

Urban Influences on Higher Education in England and America. By PARKER H. KOLBE: Macmillan.
A STUDY in adult education.

Contemporary British Literature. By MANLY and RICKERT: Harcourt Brace.
A REVISED EDITION of this useful book which is designed for the use of teachers and women's clubs, and is especially satisfactory in that it confines itself to biographical notes and bibliography.

Published This Week

In The Everyman Library: Dutton:
A Tour Through England and Wales. DEFOE. 2 vols.
Marriage. SUSAN FERRIER.
Jorrocks Jaunts and Jollities. SURTEES.
More Fairy Tales. HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.
Grace Abounding and *The Life and Death of Mr. Badman.* BUNYAN.
The Plain Speaker. HAZLITT.
The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam and *Six Plays by Calderon.* Translated by Fitzgerald.
A New Book of Sense and Nonsense. Edited by ERNEST RHYS.
Eighteenth Century Plays. Selected by JOHN HAMPDEN.
In the Modern Library:
Mrs. Dalloway. VIRGINIA WOOLF.

A Reign of Terror

Red Mexico. By FRANCIS MCCULLAGH: Carrier. Published in December.

CAPTAIN FRANCIS MCCULLAGH is nothing if not venturesome. In "The Bolshevist Persecution of Christianity" and "A Prisoner of the Reds" he has told the story of his two visits to Russia. In "Red Mexico" he describes

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Speaking of Books

(Continued from Page 158)

the state of affairs, as he found it, south of the Rio Grande. His purpose obviously is to stir up as much discussion about the present Mexican régime as possible. To accomplish this purpose he frankly resorts to spectacular evidence. His description of the earlier careers of the "Sonora Gang"—Carranza, Calles, Obregon and Gomez—is nothing if not lurid. Calles, according to Captain McCullagh, is half Syrian, half Yaqui, practically uneducated and possibly illegitimate. He started his career as a bartender, later becoming police inspector, Governor of Sonora and finally President. The violence and treachery involved in this career are almost incredible. In one instance, if we can believe the Captain, a lieutenant of Gomez, who was acting under instructions from Calles, standing on the Mexican side of the international street of Nogales actually lassoed a Mexican journalist standing on the American side, dragged him through the wire boundary fence, and murdered him in the presence of a crowd of Americans! The body, with a copy of the paper containing an attack on Calles nailed to the forehead, was left in the street the rest of the day. Captain McCullagh, one feels, does his best to tone down his account of Mexican atrocities. Nevertheless, he devotes one fourth of his book to a description of the arrest and execution of a Jesuit, Father Pro Juarez, and three young Catholics for an attempted assassination of Obregon of which they were indubitably innocent. And there are photographs of these and other executions. The account is not pleasant. Captain McCullagh describes a veritable Reign of Terror and he claims to have been an eye-witness. Still it is impossible to escape the question whether such murders are as numerous as he would have us believe.

In dealing with the historical causes which have brought about the present conditions it is interesting to note that Captain McCullagh agrees essentially with the opinions of Señor Marcelo Villegas recently published in the Outlook and Independent under the title "The Red Thread in the Mexican Maze." By direct intervention and by permitting arms to reach the revolutionary "Liberals" while at the same time denying them to the Government, Presidents Buchanan and Wilson succeeded in overthrowing Maximilian in 1868 and Huerta in 1914. The author also agrees with Señor Villegas in saying that a conservative administration is essential to Mexico's welfare; tha the rule of Diaz was the nearest ap proach to such an administration, an that Wilson's action in ousting the cor servative and Catholic Huerta was er tirely arbitrary. The violent ant clericalism of the "Sonora Gang" l attributes chiefly to greed, in the ca: of Calles to fanaticism and greed. "Re Mexico" is certainly sensational. If th author's object is to arouse discussion he should surely succeed.*

WILLIAM T. ADEE.

Picked at Random

(Continued from Page 152)

a woman—she was a tigress. She sprang!" Sprang from a recumbent position, too—mark that! We'd hate to have her for an enemy. That they defeat the villain and fall into each other's arms will come as no great surprise to you. But the final scene, in which 329 reveals his identity will surprise you. It did us. "I shall have to tell you who I am," he says. "He leaned forward and whispered in her ear. The girl started back, her eyes filled with great amazement. 'What . . . !' she gasped. Number 329 nodded." Pretty clever, what? Personally, we think he was Colonel House.

H. C. Bailey's The Young Lovers Dutton

This must be well along toward the twentieth in a series of romances — excluding detective stories and an excellent novel, called, we believe, "The Suburbanite"—which this author has written, and which this reviewer has with some difficulty collected, since they have never been popular—probably because although they are romantic, they are not sentimental, at least not with the obvious sentimentality of the historical romance of thirty years ago. This tale deals with the doings of Jack Lavington, his cousin David, Sir Burton Amberley and his daughter Mary, Juana Ruega, Lieutenant Latour, the Duke of Wellington and others during the Peninsular Campaign. Mr. Bailey's characters have a turn for repartee which pleases us, but which we feel they indulge too much in this story. Otherwise we have no complaints to record. Unless you insist in your reading on sin, sorrow and disillusionment, you'll like this one.

*EDITOR'S NOTE: Readers of "Red Mexico" should also read Ernest Gruening's eloquent and authoritative book, "Mexico and Its Heritage" (Century), before attempting to form a definite opinion upon the Mexican situation and problem.

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